Saturday Night

May 9, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

The people of the United States have been hearing a great deal recently about the vast resources of Canada; so much, indeed, that Trade Minister Howe, speaking in New York the other night, felt he should warn his audience that there was "a danger of Canada being over-dramatized in the United States"; he said "we would feel happier when this sudden burst of enthusiasm was replaced by a glow of steady and perhaps more critical interest."

Mr. Howe would be doing a great service for Canada if he could persuade Canadians, too, that they should show a more critical interest in this country's natural wealth. Then, perhaps, there would be a cool appraisal of the "inexhaustible resources" people talk about so glibly, and of their development and use.

The enthusiasm aroused in the United States by Canadian resources has in it a large element of self-interest. Stores of many materials in the United States are close to exhaustion, and new sources of supply must be found if the vast appetite of the American industrial machine is to be kept satisfied. It is an appetite that gets bigger each year. The population continues to grow; industrial prod-

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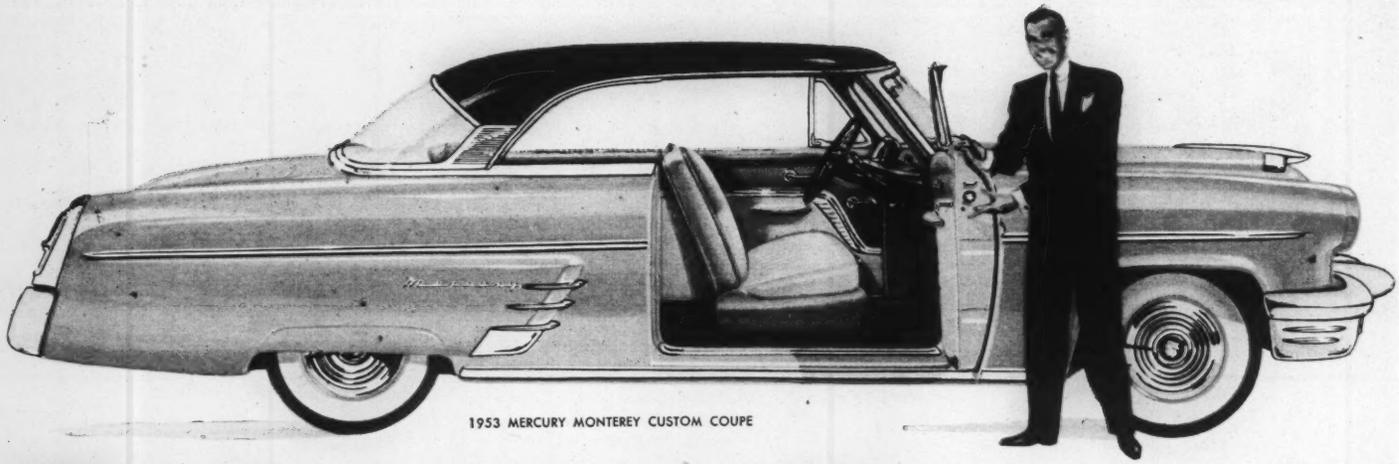
The Hon. ROBERT HENRY WINTERS: Resources and Development



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MERCURY LINCOLN Meteor

BEFORE YOU BUY ANY NEW CAR . . . "ROAD TEST MERCURY"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

uction is going up at the rate of 3 per cent a year. Fifteen years ago, the United States was almost self-sufficient in copper, zinc and lead. Now it is estimated that by 1975 the U.S. will be importing half its copper and zinc and three-quarters of its lead; its demand for aluminum will be four times what it is today, and its mills will be using 50 per cent more iron ore.

Looking northward, the Americans see a country full of minerals, of oil, of timber — a treasure house of resources. Canadians can see the same things, but they have not done much thinking yet about the way the wealth should be handled.

The provincial governments have the power to control the disposition of resources that lie within the provinces. Alberta, for example, can decide what will be done with its natural gas, and Ontario can determine how its pulpwood will be exported. But the provincial power is limited in many ways by federal authority—by trade policies, tariff regulations, and considerations of national interest in the production of certain metals. Some provinces have done much in the way of stocktaking, while others have lagged; but ultimately, there must be a national inventory of resources, with the federal authorities working in cooperation with the provinces.

Before this can be done, there will have to be a streamlining of the federal agencies which deal with natural resources. Hon. Robert H. Winters has six branches in his Department of Resources and Development: National parks, engineering and water resources, northern administration and lands, forestry, the Canadian Travel Bureau, and administration. These branches are concerned with only a portion of the nation's resources; mines, fisheries and agriculture have, and need, departments of their own. Still, for inventory purposes, Mr. Winters's department could be a logical coordinating agency.

What is needed is an assessment of our resources in the light of the demands likely to be made on them by domestic and foreign consumption during the next 25 or 50 years. The assessment would require revision as new sources of supply were uncovered, but the changes would not destroy its value as a starting point for sound decisions on how the resources are to be handled.

Return of the Hansom

THERE ARE signs that the hansom cab is making a comeback in the United States; not on busy city streets but in the parks. Patrons are the young, with their dreams, and the old, with their memories; people in their middle years have lost their dreams and have no time for memories.

One of the promoters of the hansom cabs is an enterprising and experienced operator of a fleet of taxis. He reports that leisurely drives in the hansoms appeal particularly to young couples, who can hold romantic discourse without stealing glances at a meter; their thoughts are not interrupted by the honking of horns, their reveries not disturbed by squealing tires. For ourselves, we shall watch for the reappearance of our favorite advertisement — the one that showed the horse with a hansom behind.

The Front Page

London's Decorator

DURING THE next couple of weeks, the last of the Coronation decorations will be going up in the streets of London, which will mean the end of a long job for Sir Hugh Casson, the man in charge of it all. We met Sir Hugh the other day, when he was in Toronto to talk to a meeting of the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada.

"I've been working on the Coronation decorations since early last summer," he said. "I came down with chickenpox almost at the start, and that gave me plenty of time to think about the job. One of our main difficulties was not a shortage of ideas, but too many. It has been rather like a girl dressing for a party — she has several dresses and can't decide which to wear. Sometimes we had to reject ideas because of police regulations, sometimes because the public's view of the procession would be spoiled, and occasionally because the horses in the parade might be frightened.

"We have had much less difficulty with police and officials of the Ministry of Works this time, because of our earlier experience with the Festival." He was knighted for his work on the decorations for the Festival of Britain. "Most of the officials know us now, and we don't get lost on the telephone any more. Besides, everybody is anxious to make a big success of this. We have tried to make the decorations elegant and gay, but not too picnicky."

Sir Hugh is a small man, just 5 feet 4 inches tall. "My weight, 120 pounds, hasn't changed since 1931, when I was spare cox at Cambridge," he explained. "Cambridge won handily without my help. I started in private practice as an architect in 1937. When the war came, the powers that be made me a camouflage officer, which was interesting enough." Now he lives about 80 miles outside London, and drives into the city daily in a 26-year-old Rolls Royce.

"When I started work on the Coronation," he said, "I read all about the subject, right back to the days of the first Elizabeth. There were some splendid ideas, but the police and fire regulations were not very strict in those days. I've done some work in Cape Town and Cairo, but nothing in Canada yet. A job of decoration here could be difficult—the buildings are so tall in relation to the width of the streets — in the cities I've seen, that is."

SIR HUGH CASSON: An expert on camouflage.

Military Menus

AN ONTARIO Member of Parliament has told Defence Minister Claxton that the Turkey Producers' Association would like to see turkey on the menu at military establishments at least once a week; he hoped Mr. Claxton would consider the suggestion, because turkey was a "real delicacy on any menu." It would also mean the consumption of large quantities of turkey, which would not pain the producers.

This could inspire others to look into the matter of military menus, and Mr. Claxton may find himself swamped with requests that he make sure the troops are getting their proper weekly ration of everything edible, from potatoes to pâté de foie gras. The various food producers cannot expect the Minister of Defence to spend much time on their menu proposals, however; he seems to be having a very busy time with reports, airplanes and other unpalatable matters.

Sales Organization

PEOPLE who get school children to do jobs of selling for them should start paying better commissions than a few paltry prizes; better still, they should stop sponging on the youngsters. For a few dollars or trophies or bits of parchment, they have been buying the services of a huge sales organization. They persuade school authorities that their promotions have educational value, and the captive students are put to writing essays, composing slogans, or designing posters.

The Ontario government does this sort of thing in a big way. A while ago, for example, Ontario's Department of Travel and Publicity organized a competition "to encourage students to write letters inviting friends and relatives who live in other parts of Canada or the United States to come to Ontario this year."

The competition may result in more tourist dollars being spent in Ontario, but it will do nothing to make better students of Ontario's children.

The Years Condemn

MR. H. M. WARDER was painting the roof of his house in Edmonton when someone asked him why he did not get a younger man to do the work for him. "I work all the time," he replied. "It keeps me going. If I didn't work, I wouldn't be here long." Mr. Warder is 97 years of age, and gives practical point to a theory medical men have been expounding for some time: that retirement is not necessarily good for the older worker, but may be, in effect, a death sentence.

Employers look at the matter from a different angle. They see experienced and vigorous men, who are difficult to replace, lost to them because of arbitrary rules for retirement. Donald Gordon, president of Canadian National Railways, has admitted he is concerned about his company's system of retirement at 65. He says some men are weary at 65, but others are in their prime and he is sorry to see them go when their experience and energy are valuable assets.

Actuarial studies reveal other factors. Medical science steadily is lengthening the life span of civilized man; life expectancy now is about 50 per cent greater than it was a little more than half a century ago. At the same time, because more and more parents want their children to have a university education, the age at which young people begin to earn their own

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keep is gradually advancing. The result is that the numbers of the young and the old who depend for their upkeep, wholly or in part, on those in the productive age groups, are constantly increasing.

When all these considerations are put together, it is obvious that the orthodox concept of the treatment of the older worker is far too rigid. Now we set an arbitrary age for retirement and for pensions, as if men and women automatically become decrepit and useless in their sixties. We build homes for the old people and huddle them together, as if they were relics of a dead past and not living creatures bored stiff by a steady diet of nostalgia.

This is not to say that all older workers should be left to fend for themselves, which would be utterly inhuman, or that pension schemes should be severely limited, which would be unrealistic as well as callous. But what we must recognize is that while one person may be a spent force at 60, another may have undiminished powers at 70. We must make provision in our pension and retirement schemes for the people who have the ability and the desire to work in their later years. We must understand that while younger workers, looking ahead to years of effort, think of retirement as a long, happy vacation, the older workers in many, many cases look on retirement as the end of the road, the point at which they cease to be useful citizens.

No Captive Audience

THE PROPOSAL that sessions of the House of Commons be broadcast was revived the other day, but happily, it did not stir the interest of the parliamentarians. The quality of debate in the Commons is poor enough as it is, with the massed ranks of Government members always ready to substitute noise for ideas; broadcasts of the performances in the House could reduce it to the point of absurdity. One can imagine the Member from Podunk proudly telling his constituents, "That was my voice you heard yelling 'Nuts' when that Socialist was talking."

Criticism of the proposal is based on more than supposition. Seven years ago the Government of Australia, angered by the hostility of most of the newspapers in the big cities, persuaded Parliament to put itself on the air. Labor was in power then, but the members of the Liberal and Country parties were just as eager as the Labor men to have a vast and supposedly captive audience for their oratory.

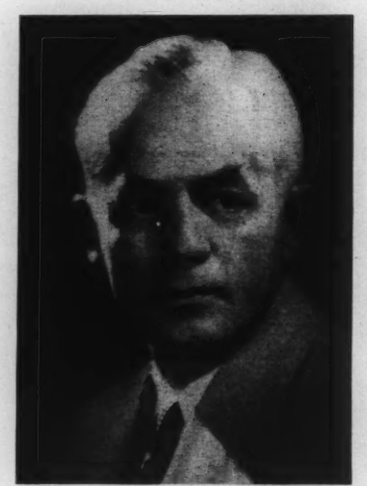
Now the Australians have re-learnt an ancient lesson: it is easier to move a mountain than to take away a privilege from a politician. The Australian Broadcasting Commission wants to cut down the time devoted to the debates, because it is losing its audience to the private radio stations, who provide listeners with less dreary fare. But Parliament clings to its imagined moments of public glory with all the tenacity of a decrepit prima donna. The suggestion of the ABC for a reduction in broadcast time was cautious and phrased in the most diplomatic language, but the Australian politicians were infuriated. Give up even a fragment of an audience? Not likely.

Sooner or later, of course, even the politicians must face the bitter fact that has haunted such organizations as the ABC and the CBC for some time: you can decide what people *should* listen to, but you can't *make* them listen.

If parliamentarians want a radio audience, they must learn how to do a great deal more than speech-making. They must be able to twang on guitars, and sing cowboy songs, and make wisecracks, and do all sorts of other entertaining things. All of which would be very amusing, but would not contribute much to the business of government.

Second Generation

A LECTURE on Diverticulosis and Diverticulitis is not exactly light entertainment, even for medical men who have to deal with that sort of thing, but next Thursday the doctors attending the Ontario Medical Association's annual convention will fill every available seat to listen to a talk on D. and D. The speaker will be Dr. Charles W. Mayo, a 54-year-old specialist, whose lectures always get a full audience.



Ontario Medical Review

Dr. Charles W. Mayo.

Dr. Mayo is a son of one of the Mayo brothers whose pioneering medical work in Rochester, Minn., resulted in the establishment of the clinic to which they gave their name. More than a decade before the brothers died (within two months of each other, in 1939), their clinic had grown into a $3 million, block-long building, whose 15 working floors are topped by a four-storey bell tower. It is such an impressive edifice that strangers to Rochester often stop in front of it and ask for directions to the Mayo Clinic.

Almost from its start, it drew medical men from all over the world to study the new techniques being developed by the Mayo brothers. An English doctor once expressed amazement, after visiting the clinic, that several hundred members of one of the most individualistic professions could "live and work together in a small town on the edge of nowhere—and like it."

Charles Mayo needed no urging to continue the family tradition. After obtaining his M.D. in 1926, he joined his father and uncle at the clinic; he is one of 18 surgeons on the permanent staff. He is married, and has five children.

$16,000 Sob Story

TORONTO'S two evening newspapers recently carried tearful accounts of the sad fate of an immigrant couple who got involved in a traffic accident. The wife was driving when, according to the evidence, she went through a stoplight and hit another car. The driver of the car which had the right-of-way was hurt in the crash, and as a result of his injuries he had to pay some stiff medical bills. He sued, and the court awarded him $16,000 in damages.

The award means that the couple will be working for Ontario's Unsatisfied Judgments Fund for many years to come; what money they manage to save must be paid into the Fund until their debt is discharged. The newspapermen described the dismay of the couple, sob by sob, but gave little more than passing mention to the poor chap who had been injured. One got the impression that it was mighty inconsiderate of him to be driving through an intersection when another person was disregarding traffic laws.

There would have been much more point to the reports if they had described the difficulties of an innocent driver who had no way of getting damages for injuries caused by someone else's negligence or disobedience of traffic laws.

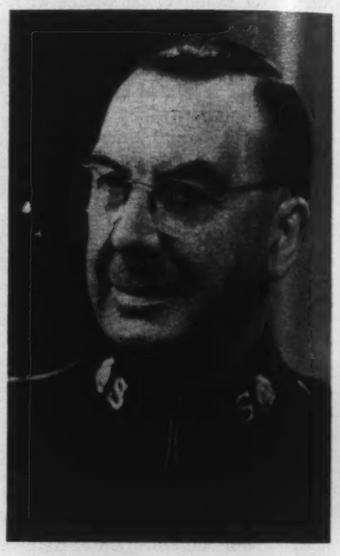
Leads Great Army

AFTER LEARNING that the Salvation Army was preparing for its annual appeal for funds, we went around to see the Army's top man in Canada, Commissioner William Dalziel, who sometimes can be found at Canadian headquarters, a century-old stone house on Jarvis Street in Toronto. The Commissioner is not a sedentary type. When we visited him, he had just returned from a visit to Canadian troops in Europe, and was preparing for journeys to Prince Edward Island (May 16-18), New Brunswick and Montreal (the following week) and British Columbia (early in June). Between times, he expects to celebrate his birthday on May 22, and attend graduation days at the Army's Toronto hospital on May 27 and at the Army College, May 29.

"I'm 69 now," he told us. A big man (6 feet 1½ inches, 210 pounds), he looks at least 15 years younger than his age. "I would not have changed a day of my life. This is my second term in Canada, by the way. I was here as second-in-command from 1931 to 1937, then spent 10 years in Australia as Commissioner, returned to take charge of the Army in Britain until 1951, and then came back here. I try to get around the whole country at least once or twice a year.

"It's confidence that our movement thrives on, you know. We've never been able to count our adherents exactly, because when census time comes round, so many thousands more than we'd guessed put their names down as Salvationists—probably the men and women who drift to our meetings and sing with us, but don't give us their names or come regularly"

In Canada there are 1,854 full-time officers, he said, "and in addition to the missions and social services, we run 15 hospitals. Our funds come from donations. We never turn down anyone in trouble, whatever the race or creed. When we make an appeal, we make it to everyone, because when anyone comes to us for help we give it without asking what their beliefs are. It's a pity that even today we often are misunderstood. A man who sat beside me once on a train, said, 'You don't look like a man who's done time.' He thought you couldn't join the Salvation Army until you had been in jail."



Commissioner W. R. Dalziel.

Gate-crasher

THERE ARE people who make a vocation of gate-crashing. The more exclusive the occasion, the more of a challenge it is to their professional pride. Apparently they have been around for quite a while. By way of the London *Times*, we learn that a brash Gloucester man was able to crash the Coronation of William IV.

His name was Chamberlayne, and he owned Maugersbury Manor in the shire of Gloucester. The Manor had its own weights and measures, and Chamberlayne, who was an officer in the Royal Navy, placed them on a large silver salver. In his naval uniform, he arrived at the door of Westminster Abbey and cried, "Make way for the Weights and Measures of Maugersbury!" His bluff worked. He was ushered in and given an excellent seat.

Letters

Sissies and Sarcasm

IT SEEMS strange that Mr. Edward Ross would live in Canada. Why doesn't he live in Chicago where he can get the Chicago *Tribune* right off the press?

We don't want people like him in Canada, and for that matter the world would be better off without him. We have no republican party here. We like our Queen and our form of government. Those who do not had better keep the peace and let those who like church remain in peace. As for bowling alleys—that alone shows he . . . has no feelings for art, music and sports played in fresh air. I wager he has never played tennis, sailed, gone swimming or taken a summer holiday in the north. A first class sissy.

Toronto ELIZABETH M. READ

I SHOULD LIKE to congratulate Mr. Edward Ross on the excellence of his letter (April 18). It is the finest specimen of sustained sarcasm that I have come across in a dog's age. Indeed, so full is it of subtle irony, that it is just conceivable for a hasty, arrogant, 'no nonsense' sort of person, who hates sentiment and invariably calls a spade a spade, to get the fallacious idea that Mr. Ross' letter enthusiastically endorses the hatred of Royalty and the penchant for Republicanism so dramatically wished upon the Canadian people in the first of this series of letters.

A man of Mr. Ross' calibre would surely realize that to hate sentiment means to despise all that is finest and best in Art, Literature, Tradition—in short Culture. He would not stand for that; so it is evident that he had a change of heart toward Mr. Livingston by the time that he came to the end of his letter, by that time his heart was in the right place—but his tongue was in his cheek.

Lennoxville, Que. H. C. BURT

MANY devastating letters simmer in the minds of those who hold strong opinions but the majority of them languish unwritten, finally to expire and be interred in the crowded crypts of good intention. For this reason, I suppose, those readers who do not succumb to the temptation are suspect by their fellows. I took the fatal plunge some time ago to answer the shocked complaint of a correspondent who demanded, "by what right the Government of Canada could issue stamps bearing the head of a subject rather than that of our beloved sovereign." He referred to it as a scandal which he would like to have, "fully exposed." One definition for idolatry is, "excessive attachment to or veneration for any person or thing."

Following publication of D. E. Livingston's recent "Royal Nonsense", I anticipated that he would be attacked savagely and the mildness of the ensuing diatribes would indicate some progress toward emancipation. No one questioned his ancestors, his war record, nor was it suggested that he return to Russia or emigrate to a Republic. One correspondent even conceded "every man's right to his own opinion." True, the offending letter was termed despicable, disgusting, hysterical and scurrilous and Mr. Livingstone's closeness to the lower form of life was mentioned by implication, an odd form for logical rebuttal . . .

Canadians, despite the hunger of the late Viscount Bennett, have repudiated hereditary titles for themselves; the basic authority for such anachronisms will be declined somewhere along the road to our nationhood, marked by the milestones of the Privy Council, English Governors-General, British anthem or flag. This conclusion need never lessen our respect and affection for, nor our pride in, our valuable heritage.

Toronto STANLEY R. REDMAN

Bets and Brains

IN YOUR EDITORIAL entitled "Most Nervous Gamblers," (April 25) you imply that only gamblers are engaged in trading stock upon the stock exchanges of this continent. I would like to take issue with you upon this point.

There are gamblers, speculators and investors who trade stocks in varying degrees of activity on the markets. You imply that gambling and speculation are synonymous—I submit that this is not so. By definition, gambling is hazard without intelligence; speculation is hazard with intelligence.

Both gambler and speculator are a necessary part of the smooth functioning of the stock and commodity market. Their transactions help to make a fluid market which rapidly adjusts itself to the changing conditions of the economic stream in which we live.

If the stock market declined on the "news" that there was a possibility of peace it should have been a surprise to no one. Whenever the collective intelligence that is colloquially known as "the market" is surprised, which is seldom, the market invariably declines until the surprise can be evaluated.

Your statement, "If the war starts they rush to buy," is grievously in error. If you will take the trouble to examine the record you will find that the Dow-Jones averages declined steadily through 1939 and 1940 to a low of 90. As these averages now stand at 270 that decline, by any stretch of the imagination, can hardly be defined as a "rush to buy."

Montreal WILLIAM SPENDER

I HAVE always been bewildered by some of the action of the Stock Market. Far too many people hang out crepe when there is joyful news that might end the war in Korea. There is no getting away from it. Workers, farmers, businessmen, in the main, have come to believe that war makes for booms—high wages, high prices for raw materials, overtime and full employment. I am not a pacifist, but I believe that we should have enough sense to keep people employed creating resources and useful things when we are at peace.

Sarnia, Ont. J. W. JONES

Backward Glances

WITH reference to your interesting feature, The Backward Glance.

A retired Dean of Theology of the United Church, greatly interested in Canadian Church History, I have been working, among other subjects, on a study of the earlier Church union movement in this country of the latter part of the last century and the early part of this, a movement which for a while stirred up apparently much more general interest than that of today.

In following this up, I came across just yesterday this interesting item in the *Methodist Magazine* (Canadian) of July, 1904: "The feeling of the ministers and leading laymen throughout the country, as reflected in the press, is almost entirely strongly in favor of an early union (of the Churches, including at that period the Anglican). Of all the periodicals in the country, the only two exceptions to this chorus of approval are, by a singular coincidence, the society paper known as SATURDAY NIGHT and *The Canadian Baptist*."

Toronto G. B. KING

THE BACKWARD GLANCE in your issue of April 18 mentions the old CPR slogan "See This World Before The Next", written, ostensibly, by "some unknown slave of the advertising muse".

The "unknown slave" was my father, the late John Murray Gibbon, for many years in charge of advertising and publicity for the CPR. As he already had a top position, few people were prepared to argue with him about his ideas except the President, and I recall my father telling me that Sir Edward Beatty was delighted with the slogan, as well as another he was responsible for which is still in use—"Canadian Pacific Spans the World".

Montreal JOHN GIBBON

Others Subsidized

. . . IN (an) editorial, (you) told about the public till being tapped for some $24 million dollars last year as a result of losses sustained by the pork canning program instituted by the government following outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease, and you inferred that the whole deal was badly managed by Mr. Gardiner, and in effect a handout to farm people. Why didn't you tell the whole story and explain that as a result of this calamitous outbreak of this dread disease, Canadian livestock producers were faced through no fault of their own, with a total collapse of livestock prices, and resultant ruin?

Why are you not equally critical of the gold mining industry, which has been on the receiving end of substantial Federal subsidies since 1948 to the tune of a total of over $40 million? It may be, although we don't know why, that the gold mining industry is entitled to this subsidy, but one would almost be led to believe from your paper that agriculture was the only industry in Canada to receive a subsidy. And here let it be noted that a Canadian Press dispatch dated Nov. 25, 1952, stated that in 1953, an additional $4 million will go towards gold mining subsidies. After all, tariffs and duties are nothing else but subsidies, and many Canadian industries have long been on the receiving end of such protection, which farmers and consumers generally have all been forced to pay . . .

Moncton, NB ROY GRANT
Secretary, Maritime Federation of Agriculture

Watching a Tragedy

AS WE LOOK at the South African scene, we seem to be in the audience of a classic Greek tragedy. The National Party, personified by Malan, or better, perhaps, by Strydom, appears to play the role of the hero—a man in high place, neither wholly good nor wholly bad, whose good qualities outweigh his faults, whose destiny is to be destroyed through a defect in his character which he considers to be an element of strength. *Hubris* is found in the conviction that the South African whites are destined and qualified by God to determine the fate of their colored fellow-countrymen and impose on them a beneficient subjection by suppressive measures employed for their own good. The closest comparison appears to be with the Creon of Sophocles. *Nemesis* can be foreseen in the apparently inevitable bloody conflict between white and colored, and *Ate* in the resultant collapse of white supremacy and the loss by the whites of all they are trying to preserve for themselves.

We may try to warn the hero of his impending doom but the sincerity of his convictions prevents him from hearing our words. The voices of the audience cannot be heard upon the stage. The principle of self-determination requires him to destroy himself. Almost he seems destined to ruin through the operation of an Aeschylean curse.

Must we resign ourselves to remaining in the audience and undergoing the *katharsis* of pity and fear as the tragic plot moves relentlessly to fulfilment? Can we not enter the scene, even as a Chorus, to utter our forebodings? . . . The poet does not seem to have written a part for us.

All we can do is pray that we do not know the plot and that our forecast of the outcome is mistaken.

Port Hope, Ont. STUART RYAN, QC

West Coast Poesy

Roland Wild of *"Nine-O'clock Gun"*,
Makes many mistakes. To cite one,
The Lantern sheds light
In *The Province* each night—
There's nothing new under *The Sun*.

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TORONTO

A New Society Grows In French Canada

By GERARD FILION

THE Maria Chapdelaine of today lives in the Faubourg St. Henri, in Montreal; she works in a cotton mill of the Dominion Textile Co., lives in a furnished room, goes to the movies and chews gum while she jitterbugs. Her fiancé, Francois Paradis, is a construction worker on the new Ungava railway.

A dozen years ago a sociologist from the University of Chicago, Everett Hughes, made a study of the transformation of French-Canadian life in the small industrial town of Drummondville. His book, *French Canada in Transition,* stuffed with sociological observations, made quite a stir. The French-Canadians were surprised to learn from a stranger that a great revolution was going on in their midst without their even knowing about it.

French Canada *is* in evolution, and not only in the economic and social spheres, but also in the cultural and even in the spiritual spheres. The old society is breaking up; a new one is being built in its place.

The traditional culture of French Canada was above all a rural one, centering around the family and built on the Roman Catholic faith, its ethic more social than individual, the gossip of the village often taking the place of private conscience. This old culture is now beset by new forces. The cities are gaining visibly at the expense of the countryside; the family is gradually losing its unity as its members drift away, for work, for amusement, for prayer.

Her literature of other days, poetry as well as the novel, strove to express the life, the morals, the aspirations and the sorrows of a peasant people. The flourishing novel was a story of the soil, the poetry bucolic. The popular novelists of recent years have been those who have sought to portray the soul of the people of the big cities. Roger Lemelin in *Au Pied de la Pente Douce* (*The Town Below*), and *Les Plouffes; (The Plouffe Family);* Gabrielle Roy in *Bonheur d'Occasion* (*The Tin Flute*); Robert Charbonneau in *Ils Posséderont la Terre* (*They Shall Inherit the Earth*), have awakened new echoes in French-Canadian literature. Novels of the soil, even good ones, are still published in French Canada, such as *Le Survenant* (*The Outlander*) by Germaine Guevremont and *Menaud* (*Boss of the River*) by Félix-Antoine Savard; but the style is in decline.

The same revolution is going on in the arts. Painting has become adventurous, not to say anarchic, searching for new expressions in color and form. Painting from life now has little repute.

Architecture is becoming more daring. It is, perhaps, the art which has been slowest in evolution, because it comes flat up against the resistance of the dollar. But it is seeking nevertheless to free itself from its old forms, which were, in any case, often in unbelievably bad taste.

It is in the social sciences that progress has been most striking. These are, in French Canada, a relatively new thing. In earlier days they had their voices crying in the wilderness, like Léon Gérin, and forerunners such as Edouard Montpetit. But in practice a set of principles, quite plain, and accepted and transmitted without discussion, took the place of social science in French Canada. Social thought lagged far behind social principles, and allowed itself to be left further behind by events. Throughout the last generation, the return to the soil was preached ardently, while new economic forces were tearing family after family from the soil and pitching them into the squalid slums of the big cities.

IT IS only in very recent years that French-Canadian universities have encouraged the study of the social sciences. For this the Very Reverend Father Georges-Henri Lévesque, Dean of the Faculty of Social Science at Laval University, and M. Edras Minville, holding the same post at the University of Montreal, can be said to have cleared the way. Their task is still not an easy one. They have to row hard against the current and endure the more or less openly expressed hostility of officialdom.

Governments in general do not like innovators; and that of M. Duplessis likes them no more than any other. It is well-known that he pursues the Faculty of Social Science at Laval and its dean, Father Lévesque, with a tenacious bitterness. And it is rightly suspected that he does not exactly favor the Faculty of Social Science at Montreal. M. Duplessis has a particular reason for his grudge against the social sciences: most of the social workers employed by the labor unions, and especially by the Confederation of Catholic Workers of Canada, are graduates in social science of the French-Canadian universities.

Now it is a matter of public knowledge that the unions, Catholic and national, reinvigorated by a team of intelligent and dynamic young people, make life difficult for the government of M. Duplessis. In recent provincial elections they have been decisive in defeating a number of his candidates.

The importance of a small publication called *Open City* which made its appearance in French Canada two years ago, has been much exaggerated. Alarmists have seen in this *revue* a revolt of laymen against the Church, or at least against the clergy, taken as a social group. It must be acknowledged that *Open City* has made several unfortunate declarations and published a couple of articles which caused a scandal. But on the whole *Open City* is not the anti-clerical publication which some people have believed—or hoped—it to be.

One fact must strike anyone who observes the train of ideas in French Canada. That is the sharp tension between conservatives and reactionary elements, on the one hand, and those with a spirit of progress, on the other.

That it has lost the working class because of its dogmatic and reactionary attitude toward social problems, is a reproach often made against the Catholic Church in Europe. One cannot ignore the evidence that the working masses of France, Italy, Spain and Belgium have fallen into a state of religious indifference not far removed from paganism, pure and simple. The mistake of the Catholics was in not perceiving that they were caught up in a great social revolution, and in not moving in time to keep their social thinking in step with the facts of life.

French-Canadian Catholics are concerned lest the same mistake be made in Quebec. This is without doubt the explanation for the vigorous intervention of several Quebec bishops on the side of the labor unions, in recent years. Among laymen, particularly the younger ones, there is a constantly greater effort to adapt Catholic thinking to social reality. The temerity of this attitude and this new thinking outrages the reactionaries. Court actions have been brought against those of a progressive tendency, and the threat of judgment held over their heads.

This tension is an indicator of the swift pace at which things are moving. French-Canadian thought is moving rapidly toward a conscious facing of reality.

Most decidedly, the French-Canadians are launched on the whirlpool of modern life. They resisted the move for a long time; and for even longer they were deluded as to their true condition. But the young people now look to the future rather than the past, and those older ones who have seen the light are looking at the situation coolly and seeking to make the best of it.

Does this mean that French Canada will lose its special character? Probably not. The new culture which is in course of development on the banks of the St. Lawrence will remain French even if it does take on new forms.

WHAT THE young generation is trying to achieve is a synthesis between the traditional ideas of quality and spirituality of French Canada and the North American concepts of mass and matter.

The French mind, with its close affinity to the cultures of Greece and Rome, has a special attitude for reconsidering life as it changes, to discover in each epoch those modes of expression which best conform to the needs of the times.

French Canada may serve as a laboratory for the mass civilization of the North American continent. It is capable, if it will take the trouble, of transforming this, through the application of Latin and Christian thought, into a quality civilization. In any case, this is the challenge which has been posed to the élite of French Canada. If it can achieve such a synthesis this will, without doubt, enrich the whole nation.

Herbert McDonald

"The novelists seek to portray the soul of the people in the big cities." In the picture, Roger Lemelin pauses in Quebec City on his way to The Town Below.

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The London Times: Planning for the Coronation must be on a large scale and it cannot do justice to the historic greatness of the occasion if it is hurried. But signs of preparations have been so obvious and so unsightly for some months, and they are growing so rapidly, that some legitimate doubts about their extent and duration may be expressed. Determination to have everything ready on the day to make it safe and happy for the huge crowds is admirable. Desire to spare, so far as possible, the grace and beauty of the capital is no less admirable and is much less in evidence. London wears increasingly the appearance of a ship that is being spoilt by too much tar.

Halifax Chronicle-Herald: We do not think flat and rigid salary scales are conducive to satisfactory conditions in the public schools. They make it impossible to pay the good teacher what a really good teacher is worth, and at the same time they compel payment to the inefficient teacher of a salary which, compared with that received by the good and conscientious teacher, is undeserved.

Vancouver Sun: Because vandalism is so much worse than theft, there should be a stiffer penalty in the Canadian Criminal Code for wanton destruction of property.

It's not difficult to understand burglary. The burglar may be in want. He may be trained for nothing else. He may have evolved some strange philosophy of life which justifies his seizure of other people's goods.

But vandalism is a peculiarly horrible offence because it's entirely destructive. Nobody gains by it.

The New York Times: There is a music season in New York just getting under way. Its opening does not hang on booking dates or season programs, but merely on the first warm breeze that opens the windows of the city. It is the music that comes from the streets, from back courtyards, from the fire escapes and window ledges—the music that scales the brick of apartment buildings and comes into the home. It is rough, amateurish, often off-tune, struggling music; but it comes with its own personal offering, its assurance to a city, where crocuses do not bloom, that spring has again returned.

Ottawa Citizen: Visa restrictions between West Germany and Canada are to be eased, as they have been between Canada and a number of other countries. The wonder is not that governments are finally making it somewhat simpler for travellers to visit foreign countries, but that in a mere 50 years bureaucrats have managed to entangle tourists in more red tape than all the governments of the world had been able to do during a previous period of 5,000 years.

The Christian Science Monitor: First there were frozen pictures on a screen. Then they moved. Then they talked. Then they burst into color. And now they are going three-dimensional and can jump out at you, pull you in, whirl you around, knock you down, drag you out, and leave you murmuring weakly, "What next?" . . . It may put an end to some of the violence in the films. An audience can take just so much battering. But even at best a person may hesitate to shiver through a polar expedition or wallow through a Roman banquet.

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LABATT'S

Saturday Night

If Memory Serves

Fame, Fortune and Famine

MY FIRST sight of New York was from the brow of a hill near Patterson, New Jersey. It was a bright September morning during the early depression years, and I was riding with a man who had given me a lift an hour or two before. This man, a New Yorker himself, stopped his car on the shoulder of the highway, pointed ahead, and said, "There she is, son." In the distance stood the monolithic towers of Manhattan, separated from the earth by a thick blanket of mist, suspended in space like the cruel king's castle in a book of fairy tales.

New York has been a fairy tale city to countless millions of North Americans, and its promise of success, like a magnet, has drawn the talent of half a world. The young person going to New York feels certain that he will find his place in the city; the size of its population alone makes success in some endeavor or another seem a certainty.

But I hit it at the wrong time in history.

The Depression was at its worst, and jobs were things only remembered in the popular songs or the subjects of wry jokes. In two years I hadn't had a job that lasted over a week; and to tell the truth, even a week was too long for the kind of jobs I had been able to get. So here I was in New York, not looking for a job, but just looking for the change or the light brush of adventure that millions of young fellows were also looking for at the time.

I was an Horatio Alger hero with none of the sterling attributes that were the property of Ned Carr, boy bootblack, or Tom Strange, livery stable groom. I was not thrifty, ambitious, brave or good to my mother.

The periods during which I lived and worked in New York have all run together in my memory, like the days in a drunken binge, and I find it impossible to separate them into their respective years. All the jobs I held in those days were of the most menial kind, and of the type that attract, and are usually filled by, transients.

Most of them were restaurant jobs, either dish-washing (called "pearl diving" by the fraternity) or bussing dishes, which simply means clearing off the tables and carrying the dishes and debris to the kitchen. At different times I was employed by the Stewart restaurant chain, the Exchange Buffet restaurants and the Number One Park Avenue restaurant, situated in the basement of an office building at that address.

The jobs paid me 25 cents an hour, the set rate at the time, and I was usually hired on a day-to-day basis to substitute for a regular employee who was absent; so most of my work was on the evening or night shift.

While staying at the Bowery YMCA on Third St., I worked as a handbill distributor. Through this job I learned more about New York than I could ever have learned otherwise, and over a period of several weeks I visited every nook and cranny of the metropolitan area. With true American efficiency, this business was streamlined to a remarkable degree for such a prosaic thing as bill delivering; it was almost impossible for the employees to cheat the company by hiding or destroying their circulars. At each apartment house the distributor had to chalk his number on the front steps, and after he had finished distributing the bills, had to inscribe his number once again on the steps leading to the roof. These chalk marks were later noted by one of the company inspectors who followed the crews around during the day.

There was one client, an old-gold buyer on the Grand Concourse in the Bronx, who thought he would save a few dollars by not hiring an inspector. The crew simply took the handbills and dropped them down a sewer near Columbia University, and we spent the remainder of the day watching the football team practise on the playing field.

My career as a bill distributor came to an end in Flatbush when we were delivering some bills for a shoe store. I called a strike among my crew for 50 cents more a day, and was summarily fired. The shoe store proprietor called up the YMCA and had me evicted.

After leaving the YMCA, I found lodging in a "hotel" on the Bowery. This joint had two floors divided into "rooms", which were simply cubicles divided by wooden partitions and roofed with chicken wire. For this less-than-palatial housing I paid 25 cents a night.

The most money I ever earned in New York was three dollars a day, and for a time I existed on 60 cents a day and a free meal while working as a bus boy during lunch hour at an Exchange Buffet restaurant near Wall Street.

DESPITE the borderline starvation of my life in the city I enjoyed myself; it seems that everyone has a natural penchant for making the most of their opportunities, and we found free entertainment of a sort. One of our methods was to go up to Central Park and sit in the shrubbery outside the Central Park Casino and listen to the music of Eddie Duchin's orchestra through an open window. Another way to kill an evening was to follow the WPA dance bands on their rounds through the city's parks. These bands, with guest conductors such as Paul Whiteman or Benny Goodman, used to play in a different park each evening, while the young people danced on concrete floors powdered with chalk.

This was the period when jitterbugging first came into being, and I'll never forget watching the young Italians and Jews throwing themselves around in the emptied swimming pool in Roosevelt Park down on the East Side. Personally, I never did learn to jitterbug, and as the craze spread I found myself becoming a social pariah at these free dance sessions. This caused me to drift away from them and attempt to find relaxation in other ways.

I finally moved from the Bowery to a hostel for young men on 54th Street. This building, formerly the French YMCA, had been taken over by the Government to house young college graduates under thirty years of age. Although I had never been to college, I applied for admittance and convinced the secretary that I was a graduate of a famous mid-western university. I was given a written test, and passed it with flying colors, proving something that I had always suspected, that college graduates were no smarter than anybody else.

WHILE living at Hartford House, as it was named, I met a young man named Moran, who has since become quite famous for his daffy publicity schemes. He spent his days dreaming up methods of publicizing everything from Fifth Avenue to a flea circus on 42nd Street. You have probably read about him over the past few years as the man who went to Alaska and sold refrigerators to Eskimos, and who found a needle in a Washington, DC, haystack.

As Hartford House became overcrowded with real and imaginary college graduates, the officials decided to move some of us into private rooming houses. Along with my publicist friend and a mentally deranged disbarred lawyer, I went to live in a rooming house at the corner of 52nd Street and Sixth Avenue.

This place was a large apartment over a Chinese laundry and was run by a typical rooming house chatelaine by the name of Mrs. Bull. The Sixth Avenue Elevated trains practically ran across the foot of my bed, and I would wake up in the middle of the night haunted by the feeling that I was tied across some train tracks in a tunnel and that the Twentieth Century Limited was bearing down on me at ninety miles an hour.

My friend the publicist finally sold an idea of his. He started the Fifth Avenue Association, and signed up the store owners on that famous thoroughfare between 42nd Street and 57th Street. In return for a monthly fee he arranged to have their sidewalks cleaned, and toyed with the idea of spraying perfume along the store fronts. Whether he ever did this or not I don't know, for with his new opulence he moved away from Mrs. Bull's, and set up an office in the RCA Building.

My remaining room mate, the disbarred lawyer, was taken with a fit of melancholia one night and tried to stab Mrs. Bull with a pair of shears. This lady decided that she had had enough of unemployed geniuses and moved us all out bag and baggage.

It was around this time that I got a job as a bus boy at a Stewart's

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Give from the heart!
4-3
THE Salvation Army
RED SHIELD APPEAL

restaurant down in Greenwich Village. I am not sure now, but I believe that it was on the corner of Christopher Street and Seventh Avenue, if such a corner exists. This was one of the strangest bus boy jobs extant, for instead of cleaning off the tables, my only duty was to stand guard between the men's and ladies' powder rooms and make sure that the customers only visited them singly.

This particular restaurant was the clubroom, after midnight, of hundreds of the Village homosexuals, who would sit around preening themselves and crying out to each other in the manner of their kind. At the beginning it was a favorite spot for tourists, who would clutter up the sidewalk outside and gaze in at the carryings-on of the chou-chou fraternity, but before long the management hung a green baize curtain across the window and put an end to the clinical studies of the visiting firemen.

A friend of mine around this time was a little Jewish fellow named Ginsberg who came from Philadelphia. He got me a job as a door-to-door soap salesman with a firm which bought out bankrupt soap stocks and then sold them in a 25-cent package deal throughout New York City and adjacent Long Island. For each quarter's worth sold the salesman got seven cents, and it was possible to earn three dollars a day on the job.

Our first day on the job was almost our last. Six of us in a crew were transported to Mineola, Long Island, in a small panel truck, handed baskets of soap products, and turned loose to bother the local housewives. Ginsberg and I took opposite sides of a street and began trying to sell our packages of soap, cleanser and soap chips. I had no sales talk at all, and after being turned down at the first few houses, I was ready to ditch my basket and hitch-hike back to the city. As I came down the front walk of a house I glanced across the street and saw Ginsberg running down a driveway behind a high picket fence. His face was chalk white, and behind him as he ran he left a trail of soap and allied products which fell from his wildly swinging basket. About two steps behind him was a nondescript goat, head down and bent on connecting a pair of vicious-looking horns with the seat of Ginsberg's trousers.

Not pausing at all, Ginsberg made the front gate and shut it behind him just in time for it to act as a barrier between him and the goat. From this moment on, the ice was broken and I quickly made up a sales pitch and became an expert at selling soap.

Ginsberg was a man with an idea. I don't know where he is today, but I wouldn't be surprised if he was a television producer or the head of a film company. In 1933 his idea was to get himself injured in some way and sue the injurer. With this in mind he used to walk around New York hoping that something would fall from the top of a high building and strike him on the head. This was a perfectly legitimate ambition but was very hard on his companions, of which I was the main one.

I remember walks we took when I strained my neck muscles looking up, expecting at any moment to find a potted plant or a cornice of a skyscraper falling towards my head. Strangely enough, Ginsberg did find himself in the position of the injured, a role he was trained to fill. One Sunday afternoon he was riding in a Third Avenue trolley when it collided with a truck at the corner of 9th Street. The street car was pushed off the tracks and several of the passengers received minor injuries. Ginsberg, of course, was one of the injured. He had heard somewhere that injuries to the spine were hard to detect, and he feigned a strained back.

For weeks he lay in his room down on Mulberry Street, in the Italian section of New York, and moaned about his spine. During this time he was visited by doctors and claims adjusters from the Third Avenue Trolley line, and was offered a gradually increasing sum to sign a release. This money started at $25 and gradually rose to $100, a tremendous sum in those days. Ginsberg held out.

One Sunday, about a month after the accident, he got tired of staying in his room and went off to Coney Island for the afternoon. A claims adjuster for the company chose this inauspicious occasion to visit him, and found him among the missing. The company, of course, refused to honor their damage commitments, and that was the end of Ginsberg.

Another character I met in New York at that time probably did more for me than any person up to that time. He was an alumnus of the Nevada State Penitentiary named "Slats" Fisher. Slats was a safe cracker, and he had all the social snobbery of his calling. He wouldn't even talk to "boosters", or shoplifters as they are called in polite society. Slats and I used to fill our evenings with trips to Union Square to hear the comrades talk about the Soviet Union.

Gradually, over a period of weeks, I was won over to their way of thinking, and I became a Communist sympathizer. This didn't stop me from criticizing them, however, and I was probably the worst fellow traveller they ever won over.

One evening, as Slats and I were walking up Fourth Avenue from the Bowery, I paused at the outdoor counter of a second-hand book store, and began to glance through some copies of *Story Magazine*. I found the writing in this to be so different from anything I had read up to this time that I said to myself, "This is what I want to do." I went out and bought a pencil and paper and went back to my Bowery room and began to write.

It took me twelve years before I sold any of my stuff, but I console myself with the knowledge that it took George Bernard Shaw seventeen years. This inchoate rambling is the result.

HUGH GARNER

•

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Letter from New York

The Big Man From Kansas

PRESIDENT Eisenhower's speech calling on Russia and the other nations to go to peace instead of to war came as an enormous relief to his admirers in the liberal and centre camps. His record up to that point had given them increasing cause for gloom, in large things as in small.

From his determination to play King Log while Senator McCarthy set the stage for a Fascist America by 1956 at one end of the scale, down to his choice of a frequently married and divorced lady as his personal representative at the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth, everything seemed to suggest that a very little person from Kansas had taken the place of the great man and world citizen who had been universally respected before the election. But when the President made that thrilling offer of a clean slate to the Russian people in clear and unmistakable terms, the last few months of disappointment were all wiped out.

Eisenhower was right back at the level of the speech he made at the Mansion House in London just after the last war, and he stood out once again as one of those men who can be trusted to shape the outlines of the future. What was so striking about the speech was its confidence in America's creative power, and its appeal to the American sense of what that power is. Since the development of the various atomic weapons, the bad side of American power has been very much to the fore, and the thought that "if it comes to it we can always use the bomb" has been behind almost all American international gestures.

The real grain of American thinking has been obscured and overshadowed by destructive negativism, and the wastelands of Hiroshima, Bikini, and the Nevada desert have appeared as the end product of the energetic and passionate American attack on life. The actual record of the past few years shows what a distortion of reality this picture is, in fact. While America has been building up its vast sterile load of armament, it has been going ahead with housing schemes, industrial developments, hydro-electrical schemes, the exploitation of new resources and of new techniques on a staggering scale. The tempo, and the dynamic attack, of America on its physical environment since the end of World War II has been revolutionary.

Europeans are always generalizing from such trivia as the styling of American cars, skyscraper architecture, and the size of American locomotives, and saying that America is in love with power for its own sake. The atomic bomb and self-destruction would be the natural climax to such a love. What is overlooked is the extent to which the American effort is directed toward home building, property ownership, and property improvement.

The desire to have things is a governing passion only equalled by the desire to make things, so far as the American public is concerned. This even shows itself in the military programs. The United States armed services love titanic accumulations, huge reserves of ammunition, mothballed fleets, warehouses filled with replacement aircraft and tank parts. Admirals and Generals appear before Senate committees and talk about acute shortages and reveal levels of establishment that would seem like overflowing abundance to the military men of any other power. Judging by the nature of the weapons that the United States is adopting, the last ten years have been a carnival of technical development and research unparalleled in industrial history.

Eisenhower's speech was extraordinarily bold in calling on American feeling just as much as Russian, and in pointing out that this passion for building huge dams, great highways, and vast quantities of machines and machinery, could be given infinitely greater outlet in a peaceful world. What he called for was a world industrial revolution captained by American technicians, a revolution in which almost every American, if left to himself, would be enormously happy to take part.

It is too soon to say what effect the President's speech has had. The American Press has been so busily preparing the public psychologically for the necessity of a war which it doesn't want, that it found it next to impossible to take the President's position. A wholehearted delight in it would have undone years of work in building up an active hostility to Russia, so that editorial comment dwelt heavily on the few reservations which Eisenhower felt compelled to make.

So far as the popular press was concerned, this singularly direct appeal for cooperation between the new Russian Government and the outer world was presented as a warning, and in some cases as something like a threat, "Peace or else." The issue of *Time* that was on the stands when the President spoke had a cover design of Molotov in a scarlet homburg, and a story about him which implied that political leopards can't change their spots any more than the other kind. And *Life* in the same week was busy raking over the nightmare consequences of the Kirov assasinations in the USSR — nearly twenty years ago. The Hearst press and many other papers, at the same time, were stepping up rather than reducing their campaign to build up mistrust and contempt for Malenkov — whose obesity seems part of a deeply considered scheme to make fools of the American people.

It is one of the worst features of our tragic times that an appeal as direct and as simple as Eisenhower's filters through to his own people by a course almost as twisted and obscure as that by which it reaches the Russians. Their first overtures to us have to be described as "a Peace threat" or parts of a "peace offensive" and our reply has to be called "regaining the initiative" or a "shrewd counter-stroke."

REVOLUTIONS and counter-revolutions are a fascinating study, and so is the language in which their ebb and flow is recorded.

When Charles Evan Hughes was Republican presidential candidate, he said that if the Republican party wasn't a liberal party he wouldn't belong to it. He was running on the strength of his magnificent record as Governor of New York, in which he had, among other things, established as a basic principle the public ownership of natural resources, particularly water power for use in hydro-electric projects. He had also been responsible for putting more model factory legislation on the books than any other Governor of the State up to that time, setting a pattern for equity and reasonableness in public control of private enterprise which was followed by the country as a whole a good time later.

Governor Dewey has been at work in the same area lately, and he has decribed the purposes of a new bill before the Albany legislators in terms calculated to appeal to the most ardent feminists and liberals.

The New York *Herald Tribune*, saluting the passage of the bill into law, spoke the same inspiring language: "We believe the new law marks a wise recognition of the increased importance of women workers in our industrial economy and of their right to seek a diversity of employment heretofore closed to them."

What new shackle has been struck off the feminine leg to enable the woman worker to take another step toward the radiant daylight of equality? She can work the night shift, too, now. The bill ends the shameful man-created and humiliating disability which kept her away from the turret lathe and the packing shed from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m.

Roll on, progress and equality: you end up in the darndest places when you follow banners with slogans printed on them, sometimes the very place you started from.

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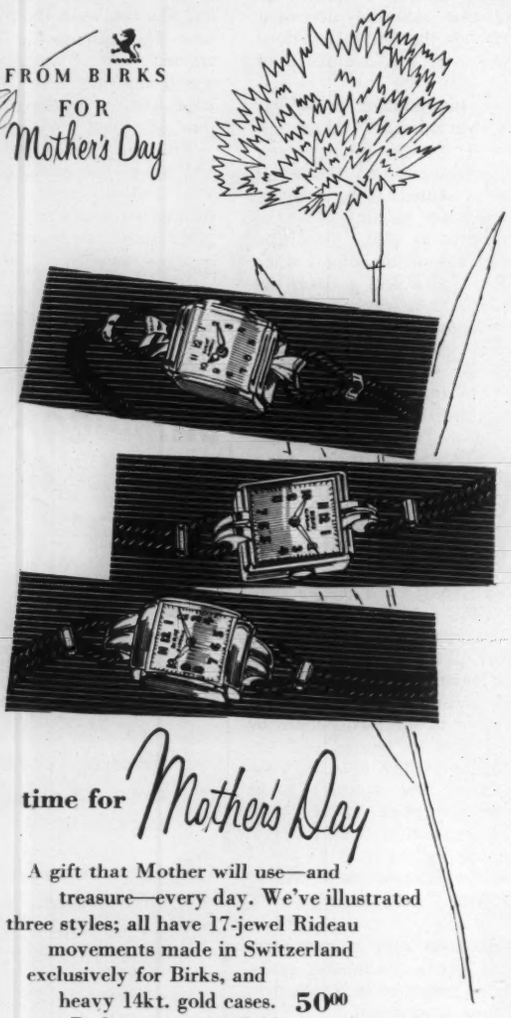

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Music

Singing Birds and Symphonies

NOW AT LAST it is indisputably high spring, for the singing birds are again reminding us that mating is a merry thing, well worth flying a thousand miles to make a song (and sometimes a dance) about; and they are calling in the flowers as corroborating witnesses.

Nor is this a novel discovery, though poets have been making it with excitement any time these last twenty centuries or so. "Spring the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king," sang the Elizabethan, and added that the birds themselves sang: "Cuckoo, Jug-jug, Pu-we, Tuwitta-wu." All very bird-like noises, and such as might easily be extracted from a modern book on field ornithology.

Chaucer, too, is apt on this occasion. From the well of native English undefiled we refresh ourselves with the thought that in Spring the smalle fowles maken melodye. But however right Chaucer was as a poet, was he right as a musician? This is very different from the cuckoo, jug-jug business. Are we really entitled to call the song of birds "melody"? In other words, is the singing of birds really part of the art of music?

Many think so. Some think it is the finest part; a gentleman in Texas, for instance, to whom I was talking a couple of weeks ago. It was as early in the morning as I can manage to get up (any earlier and I have to *sit* up) and he and I were listening to the sweet powerful song of the Canyon Wren, echoing up and down one of the deep gorges of the Chisos Mountains. "There's music!" he said. "Don't ever talk to me about man-made music after that. That bird's free, natural way of singing up this place beats all the symphonies you ever heard. Why, there's no comparison!"

Indeed there is not. The Canyon Wren is a singing bird, a beautiful specimen of nature, and a symphony is a beautiful specimen of the art of music, the most abstract and therefore the most arbitrary of the arts. But very often we hear the idea that mere human musicians should bow down abashed before the incomparable artistry of the birds.

This is a basic confusion between the materials of the art and the art itself. A singing bird may sometimes be a beautiful sound, though I defy anyone to find much beauty in the outcry of the redwing blackbird. It accurately reflects the contortions the bird goes through to utter it, and suggests to the unbiased observer (myself) that it is trying to lay a square egg wrapped in barbed wire. But certainly the Canyon Wren makes a beautiful sound, and so do many other natural things.

The Chinese so much admired the sounds made by crickets and cicadas that they sometimes kept them in handsomely worked little cages, just to listen to them chirp. The sound of a stream may be beautiful; so may the sound of rain, or of thunder, or of some frogs, or of leaves in the wind, or of waves, or of any number of other natural noises, to say nothing of one of the most splendid sounds on earth, that of a train-whistle coming from far away.

Although these sounds may sometimes be used or imitated in music, this still does not mean that they are themselves music, any more than beautiful natural sights constitute the art of painting.

We usually prefer to look at a pretty young woman than at an ugly one; but Rembrandt made his greatest pictures from wrinkled old women. I am sure Lake Louise is a more beautiful thing to go and look at than the city of Toledo, but all the pictures of Lake Louise shovelled up in a heap do not compare with El Greco's picture of Toledo, which I gather looks very little like the actual city.

This we accept. In painting, we are beginning to feel a distinction between the materials of the art and the art itself, between the object and the artist's view of it. Somebody said to Matisse: "I don't think that picture of yours looks very like a woman." "But it's not a woman," said Matisse, "it's a picture." And we are beginning to feel that the rebuke is justified. This is not, of course, a new idea. Sir Joshua Reynolds used to say that it was not an artist's job to represent a tree literally, but rather to set forth whatever beautiful pattern was suggested in his mind by the appearance of the tree. For the tree itself, no matter how lovely, is not art.

THE SAME is true of music. Beautiful sounds alone are not music. The essence of music, as of all the arts, lies in arrangement, in the artful organization of systematic repetitions. It is the artist's duty to impose a pattern on his material, in this case, sounds; not beautiful sounds only, but sounds of whatever kind the artist needs.

It would be too easy to make this point by citing Stravinsky or Stan Kenton. We all recognize that in modern music there are many sounds which are not in themselves beautiful. Indeed, it is for this reason that some people deny to modern music the name of music. In the extreme case, such people believe that music is the arrangement (no matter how haphazard) of beautiful sounds, no

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matter how pointless. Anything else is the blight of modernism. But there are innumerable peculiar noises in composers as respectable and old-fashioned as Purcell and Bach. Who can forget in the *St. Matthew Passion* the harsh bellow, excruciating indeed, as the savage mob makes its fatal choice and howls: "Barabbas!" The sound is ugly, but the music is beautiful; for music is the art of sound, and takes *all* sounds for its raw material.

Music is, in short, not the arrangement of beautiful sounds, but the beautiful arrangement of sounds. Just as the gargoyles have their prescribed place in the glory of a Gothic cathedral, so ugly sounds as well as beautiful have their place in the art of music.

In fact, from this point of view there are no ugly sounds. Each new composer, each new era in music makes musical use of sounds which its predecessors were unable to think of as fit for music. This is not an endorsation of the household sound effects in Strauss' *Sinfonia Domestica;* nor even of the peculiar beauties of the *Doggie in the Window* (yip yip).

None the less, progress is made. In the early eighteenth century, the sound of the clarinet was thought unsuitable along with other instruments. It was fit only for rustics. Mozart thought otherwise, and the clarinet triumphantly joined the orchestra. Later, M. Sax became dissatisfied even with the clarinet and, by causing it to enter into a miscegenous union with a meerschaum pipe, produced the saxophone. This instrument has not to my ear yet joined the rest of the art of music, though there are those who think it has. As the eminent musicologist, Dr. Burney, used to say, "the disposition of such people must be a great blessing to them."

But I can believe the saxophone possible. I can believe any sound can be assimiliated into the province of music, provided the composer is talented enough. It is certainly not the duty of the critic to circumscribe the bounds of the art within which he dwells a parasite, earning his bread by the fruit of other men's labors. On the contrary, he must claim for the creative practitioners the utmost freedom, the utmost license, and the utmost scope, so that they may know no bounds except the limitations of their own talents.

This I therefore do for the art of music, and say stoutly that there *is* no comparison between a singing bird and a symphony. The beauty of the one lies in accidental charm; the beauty of the other, in its being another display of the proposition that man is not wholly subservient to his fate; that from the chaos of the world he can make his sufficient choices, and build a structure that defies the disheartening turbulence of circumstances. Bird songs may be part of it; but if they are, it will not be because they are beautiful, but because they are appropriate.

Otherwise, Cuckoo, Jug-jug, Pu-we, and Tuwitta-wu are strictly for the smalle fowles.

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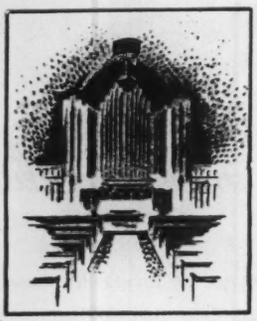

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Ottawa Letter

Destruction of Moral Authority

A GOVERNMENT of a democracy has two sources of authority. It enjoys one authority as the result of securing, at a general election which returns to the House of Commons a majority of members willing to support it, a legal mandate to govern the country for a fixed term of years. And it derives another authority of a moral nature from the support given to its rule by the whole body of the citizens, including those who did not vote for its candidates and do not approve of its policies. These recognize it as the guardian of long-established traditions of law, order and honest government, and as the trustee of institutions regarded as fundamental buttresses of the happiness and prosperity of the nation.

This moral authority is an immense asset to any government. If it is lost, the government is compelled to rely solely upon the much weaker authority of its parliamentary majority, a structure which is built upon shifting sands.

Now, Prime Minister St. Laurent is a man of great personal charm and fine integrity of purpose, but it is evidence of some grave defects in his leadership that, during the present session, his Ministry has gone far to strip itself of the moral authority which it ought to have preserved at all costs.

The reasons for this loss of moral authority are obvious. In a recent editorial, the *Montreal Gazette* gave chapter and verse for episodes in Parliament in which three Ministers, including Mr. St. Laurent himself, showed themselves capable of what might be charitably called a dexterity in evasiveness when parrying inconvenient questions; and there has been a lack of frankness, highly unbecoming in Ministers of Crown, which must shake the faith of the public in other Ministerial pronouncements. Then another Minister has blandly admitted that he encouraged his Deputy to disregard the fundamental rule that civil servants must never on any account adopt the roles of political partisans and public defenders of governmental policies. His condonation of the violation of this rule struck at one of the foundations of our system of government: if civil servants are allowed to emerge as open partisans of one party, its political opponents, when they come to power, will find it hard to repose confidence in these offenders, and the case against the "spoils" system, whose abolition took years, is weakened.

On April 22, the Government was clearly convicted of breaking a solemn pledge and treating Parliament with complete contempt. Last year it secured parliamentary sanction for the renewal of its Emergency Powers Act on the assurance that the Government would be careful in the exercise of these powers and would show unfailing concern for all democratic privileges and the rights of Parliament. The clear implication was, that when Parliament was sitting, the Government would not use its emergency powers to legislate by order-in-council, or at least that it would table immediately in the House of Commons any order-in-council which it passed under the authority of the Act.

On April 17, the Cabinet passed an order-in-council in regard to the control of shipping trade with the mainland of China and North Korea. On Monday, April 20, the House had under consideration amendments to the Canada Shipping Act, and the aim of the order-in-council could have been achieved by an additional amendment. But the Government delayed tabling its order-in-council until the following day and Parliament was

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deprived of the opportunity of discussing the problem involved.

Spokesmen of all the parties in opposition joined in a vigorous protest against the Government's high-handed disregard of the rights of Parliament, and they were supported by two fair-minded Liberal members, J. L. MacDougall of Vancouver and A. H. Jeffery of London, who felt that their conscience would not permit them to condone such an affront to Parliament. Said Mr. MacDougall:

"I might have misunderstood the words used by the Prime Minister with respect to the invoking of the emergency powers, but I am convinced in my mind that the words which he used were such that led me to believe that these emergency powers would not be invoked when Parliament was in session."

The excuse offered by defenders of the Government's action was that the governments of the United States and Britain had both taken action of a similar kind by Cabinet orders-in-council; but the American administration can act legally in such matters without consulting Congress, and the British Government had given no such pledges about respecting the rights of Parliament as our Cabinet had.

Debate on Immigration

On April 24, the House of Commons spent practically the whole day upon an interesting and profitable debate on immigration, to which members of all parties made intelligent contributions. The general consensus was that a more vigorous encouragement of immigration was desirable for the purpose of securing the reinforcements for our national labor force required by the progressive expansion of Canada's economic activities; also that better results could be secured if careful planning were substituted for the present haphazard methods.

Mr. Harris, who is an industrious and well-meaning Minister, strove manfully to defend the record of his Department, but he failed to give any adequate answer to charges, which were made by General Pearkes, Mr. Noseworthy and other members, that it was still maintaining unfair discriminatory barriers against natives of India and the West Indies, who were British subjects, and against unfortunate Chinese who had escaped from Communist China to Hong Kong and wanted to join relatives in Canada.

Popular Premier

Another test of the trends of political sentiment in Canada will be provided by a provincial election on May 26 in Nova Scotia, where the Liberal party has been in power steadily since 1933. It has owed this long ascendancy largely to the political skill and popularity of Premier Angus Macdonald, who, except for an interval from 1940 to 1945 when he was in the Federal Cabinet, has held the office of Prime Minister since he first led his party to victory 20 years ago.

The Progressive Conservatives have been hoping that the infection of the anti-Liberal revolt which gave them such a sweeping victory in New Brunswick last summer, might spread to Nova Scotia and enable them to regain control of that province. But Mr. Macdonald, who towers high above all other politicians in his province, is a much more attractive personality and more astute leader than ex-Premier McNair of New Brunswick. As the Ottawa *Journal* says, it will be very hard to beat in Nova Scotia a man who bears the name of Angus Macdonald, wears a kilt properly and talks Gaelic. Moreover, Mr. Macdonald has refused to be a servile henchman of the St. Laurent Ministry and has taken an independent line on such issues as provincial rights.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

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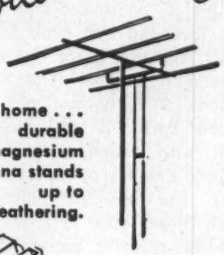

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Foreign Affairs

Boers Finally Win the Boer War

AFTER THE BOER WAR the British wrote into the South African Constitution a guarantee that Afrikaans, the tongue of the defeated Boers, would enjoy equality with the English of the conqueror. One of the first demands of the new conqueror of South Africa, Daniel Malan, is that this guarantee be set aside, so that English shall no longer enjoy equality with Afrikaans.

Malan has also formally demanded that Britain hand over the three native protectorates of Bechuanaland, Basutoland and Swaziland, which she has kept under her control though they are geographically a part of South Africa, but where her treatment of the natives contrasts sharply with what Malan intends in South Africa. That treatment, which holds such a dangerous portent for the whole future of Africa and has excited so much interest in the outside world, is, quite simply, the treatment which the Boers of Oom Paul Kruger's day meted out to the natives, based on a belief in complete white superiority, in "a *Herrenvolk* that was set by God to hold the black children of Ham in subjection and servitude."

It is believed implicitly almost everywhere except among the followers of Malan that the clock cannot thus be set back two or three generations. To do this is to disregard all that has happened in Africa and in the world in that time. It is to disregard the arrival of negro self-government in other parts of British Africa, such as Nigeria and the Gold Coast, and the new project for a Rhodesian-Nyasaland Federation with far-reaching guarantees to the natives. But above all, it flies in the face of the evolution of the new South African society, which is no longer the patriarchal 16th Century farming community which Kruger and his fellows strove passionately to preserve and perpetuate, rejecting all modernity. This is now a commercial and industrial society of the mid-twentieth century, based on the labor of black men who have to be taught more and more of the white man's learning in order to produce more and more, and who have no tribal institutions to return to.

It must not be thought that Malan is some South African Hitler who has hypnotized his people into accepting his master race theories and rejecting the liberalism of the opposition United Party. There are only a handful of what we would call liberals in South African politics. If the Nationalists of Malan are reactionary, the United Party is staunchly conservative, and even the Labor Party will have no nonsense about the racial equality of workers. To put things in the proper perspective, it is necessary to read what a great South African, Jan Smuts, respected throughout the Western world, thought about the native problem a few years ago:

"With us there are certain axioms in regard to the relations between white and black; and the principal one is 'no intermixture of blood.' In these great matters of race, color and culture, residential separation and parallel institutions alone can do justice to the ideals of both sections of the population. The system is accepted and welcomed by the vast majority of natives; but it is resented by a small educated minority who claim 'equal rights' with the whites. It is, however, evident that the proper place of the educated minority of the natives is with the rest of their people, of whom they are the natural leaders."

WHAT difference is there between this and the *apartheid* doctrine of Malan but the twinkling eyes and kindly face which one can see behind the one, as contrasted with the stubborn face and bull neck behind the other? And that is the real difference between the policies of the victorious Nationalist Party and the defeated United Party, a difference in the spirit with which they would administer a policy of separation of the races. But see the difficulty into which Smuts gets, in trying to establish the place of native labor, as a vital element in an industrial society:

"Far more difficult questions arise on the industrial plane. It is not practicable to separate black and white in industry, and their working together in the same industry and in the same factory leads to a certain amount of competition and friction and antagonism, for which no solution has yet been found. Unhappy attempts have been made in South Africa to introduce a color bar, and an Act of that nature is actually on the Statute Book, but happily no attempt has yet been made to apply it in practice. It empowers the Government to set aside separate spheres of work for the native and the non-native, the object being to confine the native to the more or less unskilled occupations.

"The inherent economic difficulties of such a distribution of industrial functions, the universal objection of the native workers, and the sense of fair play among the whites will make its practical application virtually impossible. No statutory barrier of that kind should be placed on the native who wishes to raise him-

self in the scale of civilization, nor could it be maintained for long against the weight of modern public opinion. As a worker the white man should be able to hold his own in competition with the native. Industrial, as distinguished from territorial, segregation would be both impracticable and an offence against the modern conscience."

That was Smuts ten years ago. His former secretary and disciple, Jacobus Strauss, led the United Party into the recent election on substantially this platform.

Even with this attitude, and with the cooperation of the Afrikaner and British elements of the population, it would be a stupendous task to carry out a successful race policy in South Africa. (For Canadians to conceive of the problem, we would have to imagine that we had 60 million Indians in Canada, instead of some 125,000.) For Malan to carry out his race policy, not only against the opposition of the United Party embracing almost the entire English-speaking vote of South Africa, but even against the opposition of one-quarter of the Afrikaners, and of course against the aroused resistance and growing defiance of the entire mulatto, Asian and Bantu population, is quite impossible.

We can't get much further without some statistics. In South Africa 2 2/3 millions of whites live alongside 8½ millions of Bantu, or negroes. There are also 1/3 million Indians and 1 million Cape Colored, or mulattos. The natives and the Asians have no vote. The Cape Colored are guaranteed the franchise in one of the "entrenched clauses" of the Constitution; 47,000 of them had the required property qualifications to register in the recent election; they vote on the same roll as the whites, and for obvious reasons favor the United Party.

The whites are divided about 60-40, Afrikaans and English-speaking: the actual figures at the last census were Africaans-speaking 57 per cent, English-speaking 37 per cent, and other, mostly German-speaking, 4 per cent. It has been estimated that some 200,000 Afrikaners voted for the United Front opposition, comprising the United Party and the Labor Party, which have an electoral alliance that allows the Labor Party to carry four or five constituencies. With an 87½ per cent turnout at the polls, the indicated Afrikaner vote was 817,000, the English-speaking vote 534,000. But Malan only received 598,000 votes, and although he increased his parliamentary majority from 13 to 29 seats, if one allows for the 18 United Party constituencies which were carried by acclamation, Malan won by a *minority* of some 130,000 popular votes. This is his "mandate" to upset the Constitution and carry through his rigid race segregation policy.

There is talk of the United Party breaking up in despair now, and the "Torch Commando" of war veterans led by Group Captain "Sailor" Malan disbanding; of English-speaking Natal province seceding; and of a large-scale immigration to the Rhodesias or even to Canada. It is to be hoped that this counsel of despair will be rejected.

It will not be pleasant under Malan's regime for the next while. He must go ahead to some extent with his segregation policy. He is committed to establishing the "supremacy of parliament" over the Constitution, with its guarantees to the English-speaking minority and the Cape Colored. He will fulminate against British policy towards the natives in other parts of Africa.

But what can he, in fact, do? A recent visitor who had been away for five years found that all that *apartheid* had done in that time was to introduce Jim Crow sections in the post offices and railway stations, and forbid intermarriage by law. In cities like Cape Town it would take 20 years to build new housing and develop new suburbs completely to separate the races. Industry is not going to be paralyzed by the uprooting of its labor force. About all Malan is going to be able to do is cause so much trouble, so many strikes and riots, that he will have to turn to something like declaring a republic and demanding annexation of the British protectorates as an issue for fighting the next election.

South Africa has taken a wrong turning, at a most ominous moment in African history. But it would be sheer defeatism to say that it is lost beyond recovery.

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Chess Problem

A SINGLE white Pawn can give a maximum of four mates in a two-mover, and to present it the Pawn must be on its home square. By introducing promotions it is possible to get six mates. All of the four mates may be direct if we resort to a checking key, but this is far-fetched even as a task. Nevertheless, considerable ingenuity is required to achieve it, as shown in the following O. Wurzburg version and example by Alain White:

White: K on QKt5; Q on KB6; Rs on Q7 and KKt5; B on QB7; Kt on KB1; Ps on Q2 and K2. Black: K on K5; Q on KKt3; R on Q1; B on Q3; Kts on Q6 and KB4; P on KB6. Mate in two. Key 1.Kt-Kt3ch.

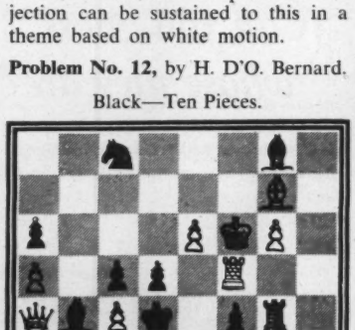
Usually the task is presented in battery form, either laterally or diagonally. In the lateral type all four mates will be by discovery, as in this example by A. van den Ven:

White: K on QR3; Q on QB4; R on KB3; Bs on QR5 and KKt4; Kts on K1 and K3; Ps on QB2, Q3 and Q4. Black: K on K7; R on KR8; B on KB4; Kt on QB4; Ps on QR5, QB3 and KB5. Mate in two. Key 1.Q-R6.

One of the mates is simply the threat, 2.P-B4, but no pertinent objection can be sustained to this in a theme based on white motion.

Problem No. 12, by H. D'O. Bernard.

Black—Ten Pieces.



White—Fourteen Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

In the diagonal type just three of the mates will be by discovery, and the other one will be direct. While any black piece except the Pawn can force the four mates, the favorite has been the Rook. Hundreds have experimented with the Rook, and likely examples of it are more numerous than on any other two-move task. In 1921 C. Mansfield introduced the new wrinkle of combining a half-pin.

Solution of Problem No. 11.

Key-move 1.R-Q7, waiting.

If BxKt; 2.QxR mate. If B-Kt3; 2.Q-B8 mate. If KtxP; 2.Kt-K4 mate. If Kt else; 2.Q-Kt5 mate. If R-B3; 2.Kt-Q3 mate. If RxR; 2.KtxR mate. If R else; 2.Q-Q6 mate. If P-K4; 2.R-Q5 mate.

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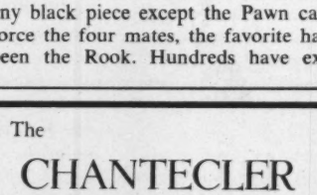

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Films

Plywood Copenhagen

FROM THE POINT of view of most screen biographers is that any movie version of the life of a great man is lucky if it happens to fit the subject where it touches. This approach has proved so irritating to admirers of great men that Samuel Goldwyn, in making *Hans Christian Andersen*, took the precaution of disclaiming any biographical intention in his production. "This is not the story of his (Hans Christian Andersen's) life," he announces in the foreword, "but a fairy tale about the great spinner of fairy tales."

The great spinner of fairy tales, who worked entirely without props, would be as wide-eyed as any child at the production Samuel Goldwyn has reared to illustrate the simple Andersen fables. These include the floor of a good-sized lake, complete with magic nets, underseas flora and a submarine ballet, together with an entire Danish town built not of dreams but of plywood. In addition, there are several big weighty production numbers, all designed to give the Goldwyn talents the widest possible latitude.

However, if we must have overproduction, the late-Goldwyn is preferable to the Early Christian spectacle, and ballet numbers, particularly when they feature the attractive French ballerina Jeanmaire, are much more agreeable to watch than the electric-piano routines that afflict musical comedy. The vital corrective here, however, is Danny Kaye, whose performance brings the whole production far closer to the merry, gentle and imaginative world of Hans Christian Andersen than anyone had any reason to expect.

He is cast as a cobbler who upsets the school-master and burghers of Odense by beguiling the schoolchildren with fairy tales when they should have their noses in their readers and arithmetics. Presently he moves on to Copenhagen, and there he falls in love with a ballerina (Jeanmaire). Misled by the behavior of the ballerina and her husband, who slap each other's faces during rehearsal, he dreams of rescuing the fascinating artiste. In the meantime, he provides her with the scenario for a ballet, *The Little Mermaid*. The ballet is a smash hit but the dream collapses, and in the end he returns to Odense to take up his interrupted minstrelsy.

It is a simple-minded sort of characterization, and if it had been undertaken by anyone less gifted than Danny Kaye, it might easily have emerged as a study of half-wittedness rather than of sunny genius. Fortunately, Danny Kaye is able to make his spinner of fairy tales continuously engaging and even believable. It is entirely through his efforts that something of the magic of Hans Christian Andersen's world filters through and lights the four million dollars' worth of Goldwyn production.

If you happen to be interested in military logistics, *Battle Circus* might be the picture to see. It deals with the fortunes and misfortunes of a hospital unit close to the Korean battle front, and whole sequences are devoted, with documentary detail, to the rearing and furling of military tents, the loading of trucks and ambulances, the setting up, in jig time, of new encampments as the battle-line shifts backwards and forwards. This part of *Battle Circus* looked briskly authentic, but I was considerably less impressed by the secondary theme, a romance between an army nurse (June Allyson) and a tough military surgeon (Humphrey Bogart).

After the second or third encounter the nurse comes up ardently with the idea of settling down "for always," a notion the medico seems to find a good deal more unnerving than twenty-four hours of continuous surgery under flapping canvas. So he goes out and gets drunk, is reprimanded by his superior officer, and manages to pull out of his state of shock in time to shift his whole encampment, sick, wounded and personnel, across impossible terrain under enemy fire to a point of safety. That takes care of that, but at the end of the film Nurse Allyson is still coming on with that womanly light in her eye, and there's every sign that the heroic surgeon is going to be overmatched at last.

The Allyson and Bogart performances are up to standard, being exactly what one might expect under the circumstances. The film was directed by Richard Brookes, who knows far too much about professional picture-making to improvise on film-formula.

The Long Memory is a rather dreary English melodrama, starring John Mills, an actor who is worthy of much better material. Its hero, the victim of perjured testimony, is sent to the penitentiary for twelve years, and comes out eager to clean up on his former associates. It takes a great deal of complicated and unlikely plotting after that to bring him to a state where he is willing to settle down and let bygones be bygones. Violent but dull.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

•

Echo

"How like your mother, child!"
I said.
"Those night-blue eyes, that stooping head!"
"How like her mother!" Echo
sighed . . . And then,
"But neither grief nor love restores
the lost again."

WALTER DE LA MARE

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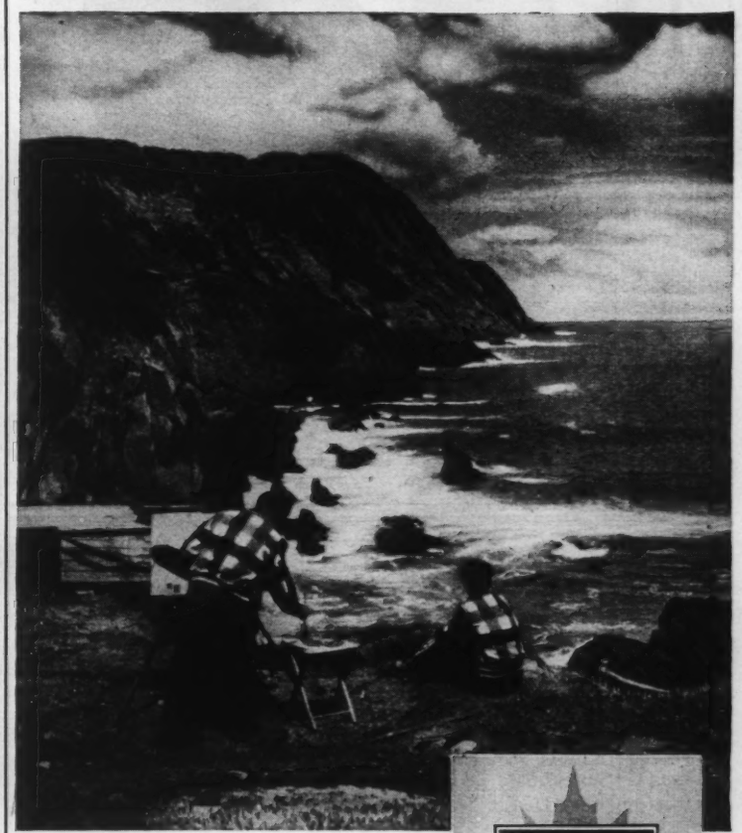

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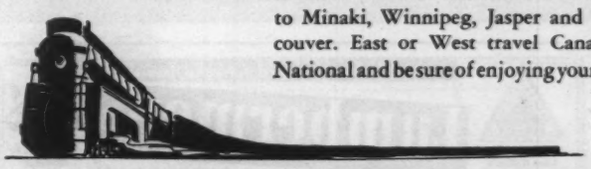

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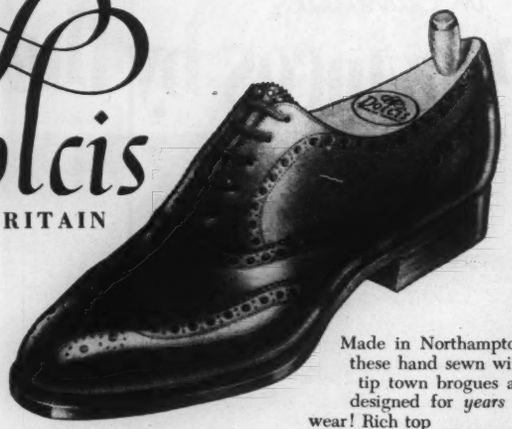

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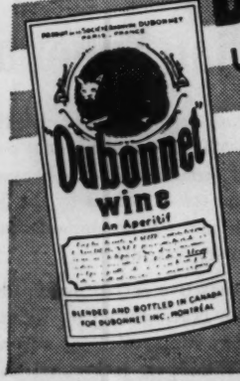

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Books

Fair, Good and Rare

THERE ARE READERS so remarkably clever that they claim to be able to tell whether a book is written by a man or a woman simply from the style and the subject. I do not belong to this gifted class. If a book is badly written, I can usually guess whether it is the bad writing of a man or the bad writing of a woman, but if the book is well written I cannot tell, and frankly, I do not care. The three works of fiction under review today are by women, all of whom are able writers, and I cannot pretend to detect in them anything which might not have been written by a man. They are, however, books of strikingly different quality, and the contrast which exists among them is interesting.

First, let us look at the latest work of that industrious and capable entertainer, Daphne du Maurier. It is made up of a short novel, called *Monte Verita* and five shorter stories. I call this writer an entertainer in no derogatory spirit, for although this book has been abused by a number of critics who may, perhaps, be weary of Miss du Maurier's great popular success, it is consistently entertaining and that is something which cannot be said about many writers who are held in higher critical esteem. She has always appeared to me to be trying to cut down the mantle of her illustrious grandfather—author of *Trilby, Peter Ibbetson,* and *The Martian* — into a fashionable gown for herself. She deals, as he did, in sensation and sentiment; she does it honestly and she delivers the goods. What does it matter if, recollected in tranquillity, her books appear to be hokum? They are good, honest hokum, and while one reads, they hold the interest, and very nearly persuade us to abdicate our common sense. That is craftsmanship of a respectable order.

IN THE NOVELETTE *Monte Verita,* is about a woman who leaves her husband and her lover to enter a mysterious, ill-defined religious retreat on a mountaintop; it recalls *Lost Horizon* and effectively works up the same sweetish yearning for the peace that passeth all understanding, combined with much of the fun of material life. For those who like vicarious renunciation, it is effective enough. *The Birds* is about a revolt against mankind by the fowls of the air; they peck a good many people to death. *The Apple Tree* tells of a man who is delivered from the burden of an embittered, nagging wife, only to fall victim to an apple tree in which her spirit has lodged. *The Little Photographer* is about a beautiful young French noblewoman who kills her crippled lover. *Kiss Me Again, Stranger* is about a lovely girl who has a grudge against the RAF and indulges herself as a sort of Jacqueline the Ripper. *An Old Man* is an old trick, which it would be unfair to reveal.

All these stories have a weakly Gothic flavor, and the writing is undistinguished as prose, but they do not aim too high, and they hit the mark.

IN A FAR, FAR better thing is Jacobine Hichens' first novel, *Noughts and Crosses.* In it a young widow, of firm intellect, who teaches in a girls' school, becomes engaged to a Guards officer; she is an Anglican, he is a Roman Catholic, and before they can be married she must either embrace his faith or know enough about it to understand what a mixed marriage involves. So she takes instruction in Catholicism, and finds that she cannot go through with what appears to her to be a renunciation of her intellect. She parts with her officer, regretfully but firmly, and finds a more suitable husband.

This is deeply refreshing, for it deals with love in an adult way. Elizabeth knows that passion cannot sustain a marriage, and that life with Michael could never be genuinely satisfactory if they were divided on so vital a matter as religious belief. It is very pleasant, also, to read a thoroughly intelligent modern novel in which religion is a powerful element, and in which all the court cards are not held by the Church of Rome. This is a fighting book.

Do not pick it up, however, expecting a crudely biassed, heavy-breathing polemic. On the surface this is a witty, stylish book, reminiscent of Nancy Mitford but without her *chichi.* All the characters are firmly established before the reader is expected to take sides among them, and although Catholicism does not win it puts up a creditable fight.

A finely witty portrait is that of the Headmistress, Miss Graves, who is deeply involved with the Raduno, a Communist-front organization disguised as a world symposium of thought — one of those muddled movements so dear to people who like to play at Thinking. The whole book, in fact, is fresh, firm, intelligent and strongly individual. It deals seriously with religion from the Protestant point of view—the Protestantism of Luther, rather than that of Harry Emerson Fosdick—and this is refreshing in view of the immense prestige which has been acquired by the Catholic School of novelists. It is only right that there should be some novel-writing on both sides of the Christian faith, and until now Protestant novels have too often been elaborate Hollywood scenarios in which Apostles have appeared as well-meaning Baptists and Methodists in fancy dress, mouthing platitudes right

out of *The Reader's Digest*. For a first novel *Noughts and Crosses* is a resounding success, and Jacobine Hichens is an important new name.

Truly poetic quality in a novel is a rarity indeed. Sometimes poetic quality is faked, but this also is rare, for it requires talent even to fake it successfully. But in *Jabadao*, by Anne de Tourville, we find the real, the unmistakable thing. It is doubtful if anything comparable has appeared in the literary world since the emergence of Mary Webb in the mid-twenties. Not that *Jabadao* is anything like the books of Mary Webb: it is stranger, and bears a sharper edge; but the poetical quality is there. This book has won the *Prix Femina* in France, and it will find a discriminating public in the English-speaking world in this translation by Mervyn Savill.

The story is about the son of a wealthy Breton widow who falls in love with a poor girl from the hills; the widow takes this ill, but the marriage goes forward. At the marriage another girl appears wearing a gown upon which her mother has sewn the whole family fortune, in gold pieces, and this display of wealth arouses so many feelings of evil and cupidity that all goes awry, and when the widow should bless the young couple she curses them. The poor bride is driven away, and suffers heavy misfortune, but through the intervention of a woman who has the gift of second sight she is at last restored to her husband.

No brief summary can hope to convey the quality of this story, the fineness and freshness of the imagery, or the wild atmosphere of rural Brittany which makes it remarkable. To find anything comparable we must go back to some of the old ballads or, if we are able to do so, to some of the songs and stories of Wales—for the Welsh and the Bretons are the same folk. There is real passion in this book; the passion of love is opposed to the passion of hate, and that powerful but rarely recognized passion, avarice, plays its part, as well. Not everyone will like this book, and people who have fed for years on such offal as *Prince Bart* will find its flavor strange and perhaps repugnant, but for many readers it will provide a rich, life-enhancing experience, and they will find themselves haunted by it, and the timeless splendor of human feeling from which it springs.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

THE APPLE TREE—by Daphne du Maurier—pp. 264—*Longmans, Green*—$2.25.

NOUGHTS AND CROSSES — by Jacobine Hichens—pp. 295—*McClelland & Stewart*—$2.5

JABADAO—by Anne de Tourville—pp. 212—Ryerson—$2.50.

In Brief

THAXFORD'S WIFE—by Martan Lambert—pp. 240—*British Book Service*—$3.00

An evening with this novel will pass as pleasantly as an evening at a movie when you just want to wallow in what passes before your eyes. The period is the 1860's. A young English lord (Thaxford), a ravishingly beautiful French woman (his bride), loyal friends, a concerned family and a faithful, charming English girl are in the foreground of Paris and London. A sentimental tale, competently told. It is a sequel to the authoress's first novel *The Relentless Marriage*.

BACK DOWN THE RIDGE—by W. L. White—pp. 182—McLeod—$3.75.

You are taken on a grimly personal tour back down the Korean front ridge, through a MASH — Mobile Army Surgical Hospital which the Americans have established to bring surgical teams nearer to the men at the front. "You" get "clobbered"—(in Mr. White's report nobody is hit or wounded—only "clobbered") and you get a steel pin in your thigh or have your stomach drained. The journalist tells his story of the American army's medical treatment and evacuation system through direct and indirect quotation from 12 wounded men. There is a good bit of talk, too, about UN and enemy tactics, American commanders and the general shape of the war. Rapid-fire reporting of undoubted authenticity and bloody reality. One is brought up-to-date, too, on Korean military jargon.

NINE STORIES—by J. D. Salinger—pp. 302—*McClelland & Stewart*—$3.25.

Artistic mobiles hanging in cellar doorways, twisting in light from a sun in partial eclipse; so these nine stories are. Taken one at a time as

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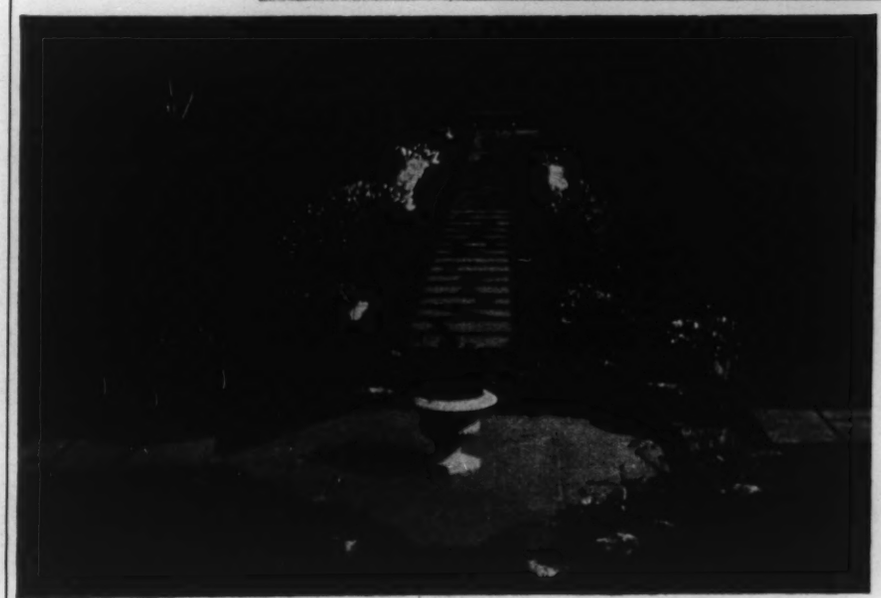

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they have previously appeared in magazines, they have a shot-silk fantasy. Read together between the covers of a book, they make one gag. Innocence is stilettoed. The childlike titles "Uncle Wiggley in Connecticut," "A Perfect Day for Bananafish," "The Laughing Man," and the simple, artful detail intensify the macabre and distasteful effect.

On the surface the colors are bright and domestic, and the situations and humor are puckish. But the humor is not like Lewis Carroll or Puck or Swift. It is Sartre with American wormwood and gall. Mr. Salinger's inspissated imagination gives the stories and characters a wounding quality. People are not like that, one wants to rage.

The introductory quotation is a creepy invention. "We know the sound of two hands clapping. But what is the sound of one hand clapping?" Hear it, Mr. Salinger, applauding your book.

WHO GOES HOME—by Maurice Edelman—pp. 256—Ambassador Books—$2.50.

Remembered tea-parties at Downing Street with the Prime Minister are good stuff to dote on, and important settings for a novel. Intelligently handled as this book does — which describes how a young Minister of the Crown at the height of a great career is involved in disaster because of his own indiscretion and the malevolence of others — setting and theme give fibre and significance to the story. It is a story of a man in Parliament and his private face, told with wit and spice. Recommended by the Book Society of England, and by this reviewer as provocative entertainment. The sort of book people like to read: highly placed, humanly emotional, and with a good mind informing it.

THE WOMEN IN GANDHI'S LIFE—by Eleanor Morton—pp. 310—Dodd, Mead—$4.50.

What could be more uninteresting than the women in the life of a man who had a vocation for celibacy? But that's the rub. Such men often have a fascination for women. When the men are fanatics of genius and power — like Gandhi — the women may be very remarkable.

Gandhi's women were remarkable, even his illiterate humble wife. There were Madeleine Slade and Muriel Lester, onetime belles of London society, who wanted nothing better than to "live in a village with Bapu." There was Annie Besant, the greatest of them all. But this simple-minded book neither portrays them adequately nor analyzes them intelligently.

The author is apparently one of Ghandi's tourist women admirers, although she omitted to meet the man and did not even discover his name until 25 years ago (she is old enough to have made the discovery earlier). She has put together many facts, persons and impressions, jumbled them in her sentimental mind, and produced, because of a certain skill in narration and a sincere admiration, an interesting account notable for bloomers. The story is, of course, morally decent, despite the author's titillation over Ghandi's loin-cloth. She is a Quaker.

What confidence can one put in her far-India information when nearer British facts are ludicrously wrong? In attempting to be cosmic in her setting she says: "George V had died. His eldest son was crowned King and Emperor, choosing the name Edward VIII. His coronation was celebrated with splendor which surpassed that of Victoria's Diamond Jubilee." Edward was never crowned, dearie.

THE GHOSTS CLOCK IN—by Vivian Ogilvie—pp. 160—Copp, Clark—$2.25.

Fun in a literary brothel, Mr. Ogilvie's waggish story of ghost writers might be called. The hired stable of young hacks is kept at Cignacourt (pronounced Clout) in Lord Clout's mansion. "What I always say," says the businessman of the place, "is that the principles are the same, whether your commodity is cucumbers, crowbars or culture."

The burlesque on the literary factory is not so broad that satire is lost. On the other hand, the wit is sometimes over-extended and the set-'em-up-knock-'em-down pins fall flat between Wodehouse and Beerbolm. There are some very funny passages. English, ha-ha: the spoofs on broadcasting, the German doing English literature, the visitation of the American Commission for the Organization of European Literature. These are so near truth as to be a little bitter. The ghosts clock out after the American visit, but not before one of them gets a good quip at a big American novel — as the French have acclaimed it, *Parti avec la Flatuosité*.

TWO EGGS ON MY PLATE—by Oluf Reed Olsen—translated from the Norwegian—Thomas Nelson & Sons Ltd.—$3.75.

The excitement in this heroic wartime story is so painful at times that tears come to the eyes. Olsen escaped from occupied Norway in 1940 with two others on a leaky 18-foot sailboat. When they were within range of the Scottish coast and already sighted by plane, a violent eight-day gale tossed them back to the occupied Danish coast. They were exhausted, so were their supplies, so was the little vessel. But they determined to reach Britain, and did. The telling of this 13-day trial, directly and simply, is thrilling reading.

The second and larger part of the book takes Olsen to "Little Norway" outside Toronto where he was trained as a pilot, and then back to England and Norway—to the latter by parachute in 1943 to resume the underground work he had left, this time as British secret service agent and organizer of resistance groups. Here, too, is an unassuming record of courage, fortitude and patriotism. The deeds of the author and of his fellow-Norwegians are a wonderful testament to the indomitable spirit.

The author, by the way, returned to Canada—but briefly, to marry a girl in Toronto during a short leave from Norway and England in 1944. The "Two Eggs"? At the English country mansion housing agents of many nationalities, two fresh eggs were dished out as a special treat to selected ones leaving that night on a mission. The two eggs became a signal of zero hour.

T. J. A.

The Passing Show

Government by Gossip

OUR HIGHEST PAID newsman until recent years was Arthur Brisbane, editorial Poo-bah who cost William Randolph Hearst $312,000 a year in straight salary. Some syndicated cartoonists such as Believe-It-Or-Not Ripley have done better than that, but not much, and they were not newsmen. But one man in the world of news has passed Brisbane's high water mark. He is Walter Winchell, whose earnings run well over half a million dollars a year.

Winchell is at the front of a herd of "gossip" columnists who through their enormous followings in ink, on air and TV are the most powerful publicity force in English. They are syndicated in hundreds of newspapers and imitated in hundreds of others. They recruit their tens of millions of readers through the irrepressible curiosity of everybody in everybody's personal affairs, especially if the person wears a newsworthy name in politics, society, business, sport, entertainment, crime—anything.

So avidly is their product wolfed and believed that their repeated praise of public men and women can build acceptance into hero worship, and their repeated derogation can bring humiliation and defeat. Political pundits will deny it, but while the wreckage of Herbert Hoover's popularity, the apotheosis of Franklin D. Roosevelt and glorification of General Eisenhower were rooted in the inexorable mutations of history, their burgeoning and efflorescence were cultivated by ceaseless injecting of the popular mind with barbs or benedictions.

Winchell, top man on the Quotem Pole read and retailed wherever cocktail lounges, campuses, green rooms, pool-rooms, mess-rooms, vestries and brothels flourish in the United States, had the least likely genesis for a potent career. At his zenith now in his mid-fifties, Winchell is plumply sturdy, balding but handsome in his hat, which explains why he always wears one. His staccato twang and epileptic prose are superficial pulsations of a driving assiduity and quenchless ambition to remain leader in his racket; to date, as he must by sheer fiscal valve, premiership in the guild of the gossips.

Winchell gets $12,000 a program for his air performances, and has a lifetime contract. He nets about $90,000 a year for his syndicated column. He has done pictures, sadly. He started as a vaudeville hoofer with Gus Edwards' schoolkids. Now he spurns public appearances save for "causes."

Winchell began a gossip column mimeographed for acts on the same ten-twenty-thirty vodvil circuit. This earned nothing but local kudos or black eyes at the time, but led to a job with a flimsy trade sheet. Then the phenomenon called Bernard Macfadden launched a monstrosity called *The Evening Graphic* in New York. Macfadden was publisher of *Physical Culture*, exponent of nut-diets embraced by social cannibals, and pioneer in what he called a new journalism, which was simply sex without a shoe-shine. His *Graphic* specialized in the "composite" picture — photos of people in police or divorce courts pasted on backgrounds and in actions described in testimony and therefore permitted in the U.S. One such picture of a little Negro girl, whose mother was victimized in a malodorous sex case, had its sequel in the youngster also being a victim — suicide.

Starting at fifty a week for Macfadden as his drama critic, Winchell adopted a caustic style, opposite of the Gothic grace of Alexander Woollcott. Winchell became a "must" for the profession, when he flouted the almighty Shuberts, Barons of Broadway, who blackballed him from their theatres; he chortled that since he couldn't attend the openings of their shows he'd wait two nights and go to the closings.

Besides his cachinnations on the drama, Winchell ran a gossip column Mondays for this evening rag, an anecdotal potpourri Tuesday through Friday, while on Saturday his "Girl Friday" or secretary, concocted a chit-chat column from press agents. He invented cuticisms that passed as witticisms — couples in night clubs were "Garbo-Gilberting," so and so was "that way" or "carrving the torch" for who or what, this couple was going to be "renovated," "scallions" went to a heel, "orchids" to a hero, and so accurate were his forecasts of "blessed events" for well-known ladies that to learn if she was enceinte a gal didn't need to see a doctor, but just ask Winchell. "Making whoopee" was his dry decade idiom for bacchanalia, becoming so general that they called books, plays, and doctors after it.

WINCHELL has always been a strident champion of Jewish causes but a savage indicter of chiselers and crooks of that heritage. His repute magnified so that St. John Ervine, leading British drama critic, referred to him as an American phenomenon, "Little Boy Peep."

Winchell was no pioneer in gossip. Whiskered and sybaritic Colonel Mann had injected New York "Town Topics" with suave scandal, and numerous scurvy fellows flourished and faded with minor blackmail sheets exploiting peccadilloes of the opulent and opportunistic, some even grading debutantes like milk or eggs as "A," "B" and "C." They all failed and Winchell took note. His first headline burst was his exposure of a backstage party by Earl Carroll, pulchri-

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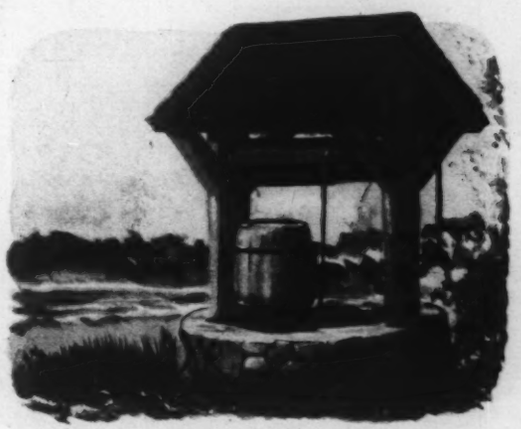

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tude purveyor, who persuaded one of his less prim beauties to bathe in a bath-tub of wine amid noted spectators. Carroll thus violated the Volstead act, as guests dipped cups in the wine and drank. He was indicted and jailed for perjury for denying the fact.

Winchell, reaping from his own personal grapevine in night clubs, speakeasies, police stations and stage and political caravansaries, had private sources of genuine news supply. Drew Pearson and Robert Allen came afterwards with a specialty of leaks from cabinet members and other Washington potentates. But Winchell first ramified his underground service, receiving tips he rewarded by mention in his voraciously consumed "column." He checked every item. He came to be feared. Once when he broke gang secrets he was assaulted in a subway entrance. Thenceforward he was bodyguarded and built an electrically-charged fence around his sumptuous home in Scarsdale, where Mrs. Winchell is chatelaine.

He made a staunch ally of J. Edgar Hoover, head of the ubiquitous Washington Scotland Yard, the FBI. So penetrative was his power that he foretold the shooting of John Dillinger, the bank bandit knocked off by the shot heard round the underworld, and when Public Enemy No. 1 Scipia was hunted everywhere in the U.S., Canada and Mexico, it was not the law to which he finally surrendered, but to Walter Winchell.

Winchell has offended against the language with such atrocious punning as "BarbAryans" for the Herrenvolk; he has offended against the law with his inept apologia for Arnold Rothstein, gambler killed in a hotel-room —Rothstein later was exposed as a dope magnate. Winchell has functioned as clearing-house for complaints of the underdogs of show business. Among innumerable promotions, he launched on the death of his friend Damon Runyon, sports writer who became the latter-day O. Henry, a memorial cancer foundation that has raised seven millions for research. He personally pays the costs. Typically, he achieved what the Government itself could not do—gathered all available living wearers of the Congressional Medal of Honor (America's V.C.) at a benefit for New York's police and firemen.

A multi-millionaire, Winchell lives for his job. He never drinks, smokes a great deal, never exercises, but gauges his blood-pressure daily and eats sparingly. His amusement is his "inside stuff." He loathes competition, and it irks him that radio stations and newspapers award his own "scallions" to his sermons and patriotic ebullitions when they pay for sensation.

The last time I saw Winchell was on Broadway — very late, the middle of his day. I chided him about his irascibility in the studios where, when censorship is applied, he walks out before a broadcast and tells the boys casually that if they change their blue pencils he'll be at his post-office address, the Stork Club. They always beg him back.

Winchell laughed. He produced his wallet, not to stop the meal check (that's his company's privilege) but to pull out two aged clippings: one an obituary on his dead daughter, and the other a tribute to his crisp transfusions of the vulgar by Henry L. Mencken.

An iconoclast always carries his own ikons.

JOHN B. KENNEDY

•

No, No, No!

Had you loved me,
Earth had given
All that heart
Could ask of heaven;
That sigh entreats,
Past hoping even:
If you'd loved me.

Yet love itself
Endure may not;
Best never harbored
Than forgot:
Lost, cold, faded—
Then—ah, what?
Ev'n love itself?

No, no, no!—
Would summer miss
One wild flower
For cause like this!
Still must I crave
Where nothing is
But—"No, no, no! . . ."

WALTER DE LA MARE

Saturday Night

Photos by courtesy of Sheraton-Mt. Royal Hotel, Montreal. Nylon shower curtain fabric by Duplan, manufactured by Poole & Co. Limited, gloves by Austin Glove Company. Both items supplied by Fairfield Industrial Suppliers Limited.

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Sports

Exit an Individualist

ONE OF the genuinely fascinating characters in the newspaper business has retired at the ripe old age of 45 or 46. Winnipeg has contributed more than its share to the shadowy half-world of journalism, but Tony Allan was unique. For one thing, he quit a disquieting profession at an age when he is in possession of all his mental marbles.

It's too bad that Canadian newspapering is losing its individualists. Tony Allan really was born for an earlier and lustier age of journalism. At heart, Tony was a slugger and the present trend in newspapering is to provide entertainment rather than provocative criticism. The writer who can titillate the appetites of his readers has become more important than the writer who can rouse them to fits of indignation.

Tony Allan was a sports editor, and a sports editor who had played the sports about which he wrote; played them enthusiastically, and often with considerable violence. Because he was extremely short-sighted and couldn't see the puck, he found it expedient to halt his hockey opponents by thrusting his stick into their open mouths.

Colonel Bill Corum, of the New York *Journal-American* and Churchill Downs race course, attempted to explain the strange fascination of being a sports editor or sports columnist by saying: "I don't want to be a millionaire — I just like living like one." There can be no doubt that a sports writer's job takes him into the lotus-land of Canadian journalism; he lives in the best hotels, he has an elastic expense account and, in most cases, he has complete freedom of expression.

To understand Tony Allan's reluctance to embrace such a sinecure, it is necessary to know something of his background. His father, the late George W. Allan, was one of the last Westerners in the great tradition. Among other things, he was senior partner in one of Winnipeg's most influential law firms, he was chairman of the Canadian committee of the Hudson's Bay Company and president of the Great-West Life. George Allan was an extraordinary man who took time from his business problems to maintain a voluminous personally-written correspondence with the many children of his many friends.

WHEN the depression hit the Prairies, he sent out Christmas cards bearing a picture of himself, dressed as a farmer, leaning heavily on a hoe. The cards carried this message: "The West has worn the seat out of its pants coming back before this—it will do so again." He was the West's most colorful raconteur, and when the butler brought him his first cup of coffee to the dinner table, it was the signal

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for him to light a cigar and deliver himself of an hour-long monologue which held his children and guests bug-eyed.

He travelled Canada extensively and unheralded. Once your correspondent was lying in a Vancouver hospital room, recovering from a crippling automobile accident, when he was surprised to see the towering figure of Mr. Allan coming through the door. Your correspondent said something to the effect that the accident put military service out of the question. To which Mr. Allan rumbled: "Well, son—better a living son of a so-and-so than a dead hero."

In his brief career at McGill, Tony Allan was regarded rather nervously by his contemporaries. He was invited to join Phi Delta Theta. The dear brothers of Phi Delta Theta said that he shoved his acceptance under the front door and they didn't see him again for weeks. He left McGill at Christmas, at the request of the management and without notifying his family of his precipitous departure. Legend has it that his family didn't know where he was until the Kenora Thistles came to Winnipeg to play Regina Pats for the Western Canada junior hockey championship. The Allans, who attended the game en masse and cheered passionately for Kenora, suddenly recognized Tony playing on the defence for the Thistles. No one really was very surprised.

Tony is reputed to have been the oldest-looking junior in the history of Canadian hockey. He had lost most of his hair and when he removed his bridgework the effect was rather startling. Alien rooters invariably greeted his appearance with the taunting cries of "Grandpa", and demanded to see his birth certificate.

The Allans and McGill never seemed to click. Tony's younger brother, Ted, went to McGill with your correspondent and attended that estimable institution for a year without ever bothering to register or pay his fees. If his family ever learned of the deception, they never mentioned it.

It was characteristic of Tony that, before joining the Winnipeg *Tribune*, he took a correspondence course in journalism. Then, he passed himself off as a full-fledged reporter. The management of the *Tribune* would have been horrified if they had known that their future City Editor and Sports Editor was only a graduate of the U.S. Mails.

His superiors immediately found his conduct somewhat eccentric. For one thing, he was the only reporter ever to cover the meetings of the Winnipeg City Council dressed in a tieless tee-shirt, an old pair of flannel trousers, low canvas gym-shoes and no jacket. At home, when his parents were away for the summer, his dress was even more informal.

It was a touching sight to see Tony sitting in the drawing-room, clad only in his underwear shorts, as Charles, the faithful family butler, served him his after-dinner coffee. With a blissful smile on his face, he would be sucking on a two-foot cherrywood pipe and listening to a recording of Cab Calloway's cats playing: "I Can't Dance—I've Got Ants in My Pants."

Tony constantly was inventing games for private edification. He would spend countless hours bouncing a golf ball against the wall of his house and keeping the score of some imaginary baseball game.

His bride spent the first three days of her honeymoon watching Allan employ a small stick to bat stones into the Lake of the Woods. She knew better than to interrupt him, for she had been warned earlier that he was the New York Yankees playing the Philadelphia Athletics.

One of his more spectacular inventions was the Allan Home Hockey League. There were four teams in this league. Tony controlled the Paducah Colonels and the Ste. Rose du Lac Habitants. His brother, Ted, owned the Erie Moans and the Churchill Miners. The game was played in a nursery at the top of the house; the equipment consisted of hockey sticks and a tennis ball and the goals were the dormer windows at the opposite ends of the house.

To complicate it in typically Allan fashion, the fictitious hockey players were famous American football players such as Barry Young of Harvard or Ernie Nevers of Stanford. For instance, Don Zimmerman, of Tulane, would be playing right defence for the Ste. Rose du Lac Habitants. The two brothers played furiously every afternoon and, after each session, they would compile the league standings and scoring records in a book reserved for that purpose.

In one particularly robust session, they stomped the floors so ferociously that the entire ceiling plaster of Father Allan's bedroom was dislodged and deposited on the great man's bed.

The next afternoon, when the boys repaired to the attic arena, they found the door barred and a notice posted. The notice read: "The activities of this League are discontinued until further notice. (Signed) George W. Allan."

Competition must have been resumed at some later date, however, because your correspondent was sitting in the dining room of the Empress Hotel in Victoria one night when a page brought him a telegram from Ted Allan. The telegram read, in its entirety: "Erie won three games over the holiday weekend. From now on all is clear sailing."

It's a bit difficult, from this distance, to guess what circumstances impelled Tony Allan to retire from the job he loved at the age of 45 or 46. Perhaps he remembered the words of your correspondent's father, who said: "When it ceases to be fun to work, when your job becomes a trial and a conscience, it's time to retire."

Journalism will miss his occasionally waspish editorials. Perhaps he was reluctant to occupy a front as The Old West of his father gradually lost its identity. Recently, muttering unhappily about the complications of big league rugby football, he said: "The West now consists only of Saskatchewan and Manitoba. British Columbia is a crown colony and Alberta has its capital in Tulsa, Oklahoma."

JIM COLEMAN

Business

Deceptively Simple British Budget

By HAROLD WINCOTT

LONDON. Last December, I went to the dinner given by the Canada Club in honor of your Mr. Douglas Abbott. Our Mr. Butler spoke—on the results of the Commonwealth Conference, the outlook for sterling, and so on. Standing about ten feet away from where I was sitting, and (or so it seemed to me) looking me straight in the eye, the Chancellor of the Exchequer lambasted "the writers of the Press" for under-estimating what the conference had achieved and would achieve in the future.

Now "the writers in the Press" must inevitably base their judgments on official information issued month by month and week by week. Chancellors of the Exchequer are better placed. They know how the other, generally unknown factors in the equation are developing, long before these other factors are disclosed to the general public as they are, in this context, once a year in our Economic Surveys and the National Income White Papers.

We have recently seen these annual documents for 1952. And now we know why Mr. Butler was so confident last December. Now we know that the monthly figures of imports and exports, and the weekly figures of national income and expenditure can, in an extraordinary year like 1952, be almost meaningless.

Consider the following facts. According to the monthly trade returns, our imports last year totalled £3,481 millions, and our exports only £2,693 millions, a difference of £788 millions. Now we normally make some technical adjustments to the import figures, which have the result of reducing their apparent cost, and we know that there are other items in our balance of payments, such as defence aid from the U.S., receipts from tourism, investments and so on.

You will understand from the figures I have quoted, however, why it was we thought Mr. Butler was being optimistic in estimating that beginning next June the United Kingdom was going to secure, and hold, a surplus with the rest of the world of about £300-350 millions. On the published, monthly figures, it just wasn't on.

Comes the Economic Survey for 1952, and we have the startling news that, admittedly including £121 millions of defence aid, we had virtually achieved our target, six months ahead of time, despite the fact that our invisible earnings, hit by the loss of the Abadan oil refinery, declined by £85 millions. In 1952, our surplus amounted to £291 millions, compared with a deficit of £400 millions in 1951.

THE REASONS for both this startling change, and the very large discrepancy between the monthly trade figures and those in the Economic Survey, are highly technical.

They include the swing in sentiment in favor of sterling, cheaper imports, and differences in timing and treatment of the figures in the two sources. It is sufficient to say that after this experience at least one "writer in the Press" is going to take the monthly figures with a very substantial pinch of salt in the future!

Similarly with the weekly national revenue and expenditure figures. These showed that Mr. Butler's budget arithmetic had gone badly awry. A year ago, he reckoned he would have an overall deficit of £4 millions after he had covered the central government's expenditure and also the amounts "below-the-line" — mainly borrowings by the local authorities for housing purposes. Instead of this negligible deficit, he finished up with the whopping big one of £463 millions, because his expenditure outstripped and his income fell short of his expectations.

Yet on more than one occasion Mr. Butler had given fairly broad hints that he would provide some tax concessions, notably to industry. How, asked the pundits, could the man do it, with such an overall budget deficit?

The National Income White Paper provided the answer. While the government and local authority sector of our economy had been spending and investing more than its income — £436 millions more — the private sector suddenly rediscovered the habit of saving.

In 1951, when it was plagued by the need to replace stocks at ever rising prices, the private sector did no real saving; in fact it increased its deficit. But in 1952, the private sector produced its first post-war surplus of savings over investment. Thus it was that the inflationary effects of the overall budget deficit were offset, and more than offset.

This somewhat lengthy preamble is vital to an understanding of the fact that a Chancellor, superficially as sorely beset as Mr. Butler is, was able, in his recent budget, to appear in what would otherwise seem to be a remarkably generous mood. With one overall deficit behind him, the Chancellor starts this financial year with another of almost identical size, relying on a repetition of last year's savings in the private sector to hold our economy stable.

THIS BUDGET has the great merit of simplicity. His proposals come almost entirely under four headings—income tax, the Excess Profits Levy, initial allowances and purchase tax.

The standard rate of income tax is reduced 6d to 9s in the £, and the "reduced" rates payable at varying low stages of personal incomes are also cut by 6d.

The Excess Profits Levy finishes at the end of this year.

Initial allowances—which are really interest-free loans granted to industry when new investment is undertaken and involve no overall remission of taxation—are being reinstated, generally at half the previous rates. And purchase tax is reduced over the entire range by 25 per cent.

The proposals are, if anything, deceptively simple. Although EPL is to die, industry will go on paying it for another two years—£100 million in 1953-54 and over £100 million in 1954-55. The resumption of initial allowances will not cost Mr. Butler anything until 1954-55 (£50 million) and the full benefit won't be felt until even later. Apart from a saving of about £45 million through the reduction in the standard rate of income tax, there is therefore precious little in the budget for British industry until some while ahead.

Nevertheless, the psychological effect of the budget has been good. The main benefits to individuals from the lower income tax accrues inevitably to the higher income brackets. They suffer most when the tax rises and must benefit most when it falls. For the same reason, unearned income fares better than earned. Both these aspects have been severely criticized by the Opposition; but it is no bad thing, when you are relying on the private sector of the economy and private savings, to give them some incentive. And, despite the complaints of the Opposition, the cuts in purchase tax, at a cost of £45 millions, will cause some reduction in the cost of living for every household in the country.

Miller

MR. R. A. BUTLER, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "relying on the good sense of industry and investors . . . to use the concessions to the best advantage of the economy as a whole" has brought down a budget which Mr. Wincott says "has the great merit of simplicity".

The motives behind the budget seem clear. The improvement in our balance-of-payments position last year was to a quite substantial extent fortuitous; there was a combination of circumstances operating in our favor which may not recur. The revival of savings in the private sector of our economy reflected the slack that developed in our economy and the fall in world prices. The recent peace moves from Russia and China may accentuate recent deflationary trends.

In all these circumstances, Mr. Butler not only feels it is safe to depart from the austerity of a big overall surplus in his budget; he considers that some positive stimulus is needed if the improvements of 1952 are to be maintained.

IN PROVIDING that stimulus, moreover, Mr. Butler is relying on the good sense of industry and investors, backed by the continued discipline of the new-found monetary weapons, to use the budget concessions to the best advantage of the economy as a whole. The budget is indeed a logical extension of the process of restoring freedom of choice and action to the British economy which has been so evident in recent months.

Here again, the Opposition, which believes profoundly in government direction of investment, is critical and sceptical. It fears that the concessions will be frittered away or invested in undesirable projects. We shall see.

At least, Britain is an interesting country in which to live these days. There is a revolution in philosophy. It will be fascinating over the next year or two to see how it all works out.

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By order of the Board.
ADJUTOR SAVARD,
Secretary.

Montreal, Que., April 22, 1953.

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By order of the Board,
T. H. ATKINSON, General Manager.
Montreal, Que., April 14, 1953.

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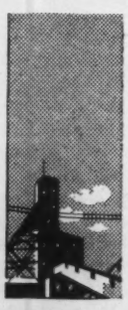
By Order of the Board.

C. H. WINDELER,
Secretary.

TORONTO, Ontario,
April 24th, 1953.



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Gold & Dross

International Nickel

WOULD YOU *advise substantial purchases of International Nickel at present prices?—F. R., Chatham, Ont.*

International Nickel now stands at a new low for the year, a decline from the 1952 high of 48¾. The recent weakness in the stock is due to the general downtrend evident in the markets and the doubtful outlook for the maintenance of the price of copper at the present New York level of 30 cents.

As about half of the company's output is copper, a reduction in the price of this metal to the pre-decontrol price of 24½ cents in New York would have a considerable effect upon earnings.

Because of the supplies of copper being offered in New York from many sources, it seems likely that the weight of offering will force a reduction in the price of copper, and as metal prices tend to keep a fairly close alignment, a price of 24 cents is a reasonable expectation.

The action of the stock since 1946 shows that in the 1946-1950 period the price repeatedly made a low near 30. A test of this support level appears probable under present market conditions, and it is recommended that purchases be deferred until such a test is made.

Ashmont Petroleums

WOULD YOU *be good enough to give a report on Ashmont Petroleums Ltd., now offered at 80 cents on the unlisted market?—M. I. C., Regina.*

Ashmont, with a capitalization of 5 million shares and some 575,000 shares outstanding, seems to be very much in the promotion stage. Oil reserves of 250,000 barrels and working capital of about $30,000, less funded debt of $150,000 gives a value to the stock of about 25 cents per share. Purchase not recommended.

Central Explorers

I AM HOLDING *some shares of Central Explorers Ltd., for which I paid 10¼. Do you think I should continue to hold this stock, buy more at the present price of about 4.75, or sell out at a loss?—A. J. M., Toronto.*

At its present price of 4.35, Central Explorers has reached the December low of 4.45, from which it turned for the recovery to 6.40 early this year. On the basis of the reported 4 million barrels of reserves, which have an assumed value of $4 million, the present market valuation of $9,231,861 shows the stock is rather over-priced. On the basis of a comparison of total assets to the outstanding 2,168,267 shares the market valuation overstates total assets of $2,655,585 by a ratio of nearly 4 to 1.

In reviewing stocks in the western oil group, we have noted a fairly consistent pattern that bases of support are usually made when the price of the stock declines to where the ratio of shares to total assets is close to two to one.

On the assumption that this ratio will prevail in this case, an extension of the present decline to about 2.50 would seem possible. Recovery above the 5 level appears difficult from the chart pattern of distribution evident above 5. Thus repurchasing here does not seem advisable.

Petrol Oil and Gas

WOULD YOU *give me your opinion of Petrol Oil and Gas? I have 500 shares that I bought at $1.03. They are now quoted at about 60 cents. Would you advise me to take my loss or hold these shares?—W. J. E., Cornwall, Ont.*

Petrol has followed the general trend of the western oils in declining from the highs reached a year ago. After the advance from 51 cents to 1.40 the stock has dropped back to its starting point. The present price reflects the market valuation of the assets held. These include percentage interests in a number of Scurry wells and the wholly owned gas wells in the Brantford, Ont., area.

As this support level near 50 has held under three separate selling bursts since last December, it would appear that the stock is "bottoming out". Retention of your shares is advised at this point. From the chart action of the stock, a recovery to about 75 seems possible.

Brazilian Traction

PLEASE GIVE ME *your opinion of Brazilian Traction as an investment at 10½.— G. D. F., Pipestone, Man.*

Brazilian at this price is yielding close to 10 per cent on the $1 dividend rate. The recent American loan to the Brazilian Government has removed some of the doubts that dividend payments might be blocked by the Brazilian currency difficulties.

Now that much of the selling pressure from British and European sources has eased, the stock has held to a narrow range above 10.

Should the general decline, which is occurring in all the security markets, carry the price down to about 8, the stock would appear then to be a good investment buy.

Attlin-Ruffner Mines

I HAVE *shares in Attlin-Ruffner Mines at 50 cents. Would you suggest buying in more at 9 or 10 cents in case of some future activity or would you suggest crossing them off my books and forgetting about them?—L. S., Winnipeg.*

At last report work on the property was discontinued after some 4,000 ft.

of diamond drilling had failed to produce any conclusive results. As this was a lead-zinc-silver prospect and the outlook for lead-zinc producers is anything but favorable at this time, I would suggest that you cut your losses now.

To buy some more "in hope that something will happen" would just add to your losses. Most of the stock has been issued and the modest funds in the treasury hardly warrant expectations of much further work being done on the property.

Torbrit Silver

W. WOULD YOU *please give me your opinion as to the possibilities of Torbrit Silver Mines? I bought this stock at 1.13 some three years ago and it is now selling about 1.20. Do you think it has a future?—S. W., Westmount, Que.*

Torbrit is primarily a silver producer with most of the earnings coming from silver. Net profit for 1952 amounted to $376,600 or 12.5 cents per share.

The debt owing to Mining Corporation of Canada, which holds the controlling interest in Torbrit, was reduced to $650,000. It appears from this that the mine can operate profitably even though earnings from secondary lead-zinc production are sharply reduced.

However, no dividends can be paid until all of the debt is cleared, and the outlook for base metals is not very good, so it would be good tactics to place the money invested in bonds until a buying opportunity appears in some other issue.

Anglo-Canadian Oil

E. I WOULD *appreciate your advice regarding Anglo-Canadian Oil Company Ltd. Would you advise holding on at the present time?*
—J. K., Montreal

Anglo-Canadian, at the present price of 6.80, with its wide holdings, working capital of $4,113,318 and oil reserves estimated in excess of 13 million barrels, would appear to be more of a buy than a sale.

With a computed share value of 6 and selling at about twice total assets, which do not reflect the large interest in Calmont Oils, buying on a scale down would seem more appropriate.

The chart pattern shows that buying has been consistently available above the 6 level and an advance with objectives of 7.50 and 8.25 is possible when improvement in earnings, due to increased production allowables, becomes discernible.

Brown Company

R. I WOULD *appreciate your opinion on Brown Co. preferred shares. I bought, in 1951, the first preferred at 112 and the second preferred at 52. Would I be wise to hold them or sell at a loss?—B. K., Walkerville, Ont.*

This company is primarily a producer of pulp and paper towels. Newsprint is also produced in some quantity.

The sharp decline in the market for pulp has affected company earnings considerably. Net profits declined from $7,430,000 to $4,396,967 in 1952. This factor, and the general decline in the bond markets of both the U.S. and Canada, have brought the price of your shares to 96½ and 48.

The high ratio of funded debt to working capital and the increase in inventory from $8,924,378 in 1950 to $16,723,739 in 1951 and $19,301,569 in 1952 warrants concern. Topheavy capital structures and increasing inventory can spell trouble in a period of business recession.

Recommendation: switch to high grade bonds.

Gatineau Power

D. DO YOU *consider Gatineau Power Company a good defensive issue for investment for the long pull?—G. B. T., Brandon, Man.*

Yes. Public service companies such as this tend to have fairly stable demand and net earnings. The dividend on the common of $1.20 has been maintained since 1947 and the common stock has moved in a range between 15 and 22½ since then.

At the present price of 21¼, the common appears to be on the high side of its trading range, and the first mortgage bonds are more attractive at about 90.

In Brief

M. MAY I *have your opinion on Snow Lake Mines as a speculation?—J. S. H., Vancouver.*

No speculation—it's inactive.

I HAVE *recently purchased some shares of Bibis Yukon. I would appreciate your opinion. Should I purchase more or sell at the present price of 19 cents?—J. C., Windsor, Ont.*

Sell them.

I WOULD *be glad to get some information on Big Dan Mines Ltd.—W. C., Ville St. Laurent, Que.*

Last report showed this company dormant, with no property.

I WOULD *appreciate your view on Paymaster Consolidated Mines, as I have held shares for a number of years.—B. I. M., Toronto, Ont.*

At last report, the mine was operating at a loss. Whether profitable operation can be resumed depends upon what new ore may be developed, and a reduction in operating costs.

COULD YOU *give me any information regarding Rose Kirkland Gold Mines?—S. M., North Bay, Ont.*

This property is listed as dormant.

WHAT *are the future possibilities of Pitch-Ore Uranium Mines as a mining venture? I know they are of the speculative type and have dropped a lot lately.—T. S., Penticton, BC.*

The market is setting the price of this stock to what can be seen in the way of value. I doubt that purchase here would prove to be a profitable speculation.

•

Subscribers requesting information from Gold & Dross are asked to limit their queries to one company. We cannot undertake to review lists of stocks.

W. P. S.

5% Return From
A First Mortgage Bond

Phillips Electrical Company (1953) Limited, a subsidiary of British Insulated Callender's Cables Limited, will, as of April 30th, 1953, purchase the rod mill and wire and cable business of Phillips Electrical Works, Limited, which, with its 60 years of experience is the oldest established producer of electrical wires and cables in Canada.

The proceeds of this issue will be applied towards the purchase of this business. We, as principals, offer

New Issue

Phillips Electrical Company (1953) Limited

5% First Mortgage Sinking Fund Bonds, Series A

To mature April 1st, 1968

Denominations: $500 and $1,000

Price: 100 and interest

A prospectus, containing information about the Company's operations, earnings and assets and further details of this issue will be forwarded promptly upon request.

Wood, Gundy & Company
Limited

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Halifax
Quebec Ottawa Hamilton London, Ont.
Kitchener Regina Edmonton Calgary
London, Eng. Victoria Chicago New York

SIMPSONS, LIMITED

COMMON SHARES

Dividend Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of twelve and one-half cents (12½c.) per share on the outstanding Common Shares of the Company has been declared payable June 15, 1953, to shareholders of record as at the close of business on May 15, 1953.

The transfer books will not be closed.

By order of the Board.

Frank Hay,
Secretary and Treasurer

Toronto, April 24, 1953.

LOBLAW GROCETERIAS CO. LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 37½ cents per share on the Class "A" shares and a quarterly dividend of 37½ cents per share on the Class "B" shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending May 31, 1953, payable on the 1st day of June, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 5th day of May, 1953. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian Funds.

By Order of the Board.

R. G. Meech, Secretary.

Toronto, April 24, 1953.

McCOLL-FRONTENAC OIL COMPANY LIMITED

"COMMON STOCK DIVIDEND NO. 37"

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of 25 cents per share has been declared on the no par value common stock of McColl-Frontenac Oil Company Limited for the quarter ending March 31, 1953, payable May 30, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business on April 30, 1953.

By Order of the Board.

FRED HUNT, F.C.I.S.,
Secretary.

Toronto, April 22, 1953

NOTICE

is hereby given that the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company, Toronto, has been granted by the Department of Insurance, Ottawa, Certificate of Registry No. C. 1403 authorizing it to transact in Canada the business of Aircraft Insurance, excluding insurance against loss of, or damage to, an aircraft, in addition to the classes for which it is already registered.

H. DOUGLAS COO,
Manager for Canada.

On your mark-get set-

YOU won't believe it till you try it yourself—but this is what happens.

You're at the wheel of a 1953 Buick, ready to move when the light changes.

It does. You press the gas pedal.

Before you take two breaths—and in one mighty sweep of power you're up to 30 miles per hour, local law permitting.

That, mister, is getaway, in any man's language—swiftest of any Buick in fifty years.

But it's also *hushed* getaway—with little sound or sensation of engine rush.

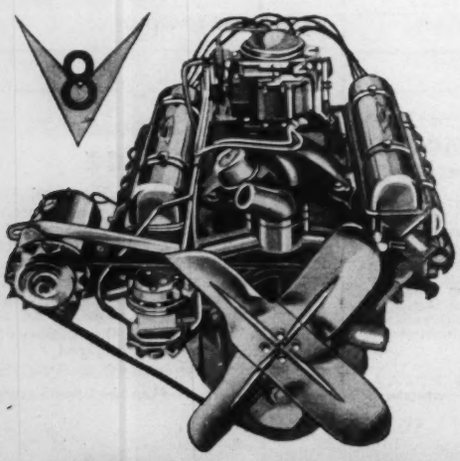
And, of course, it's absolutely and astonishingly *smooth* getaway—with no jerk, no lurch, no shift of mechanical linkage of any sort.

What works this wonder is a Dynaflow Drive* with two turbines instead of one—a simpler, more powerful and far more efficient Dynaflow than ever before.

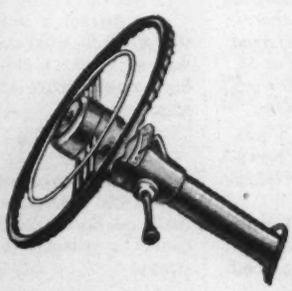
Acceleration is increased 20%, but with substantial decrease in engine revolutions—which means you get underway quicker, and with less engine speed, less getaway sound.

But that's just half the story.

The other half is in power—engine power—the highest horse-



Most Advanced V8 Engine In The World *powers the 1953 Buick* ROADMASTER *and* SUPER. *8.5 to 1 compression, vertical valves, and a host of other exclusive engineering features add to its spectacular performance. Newly designed F-263 Fireball Straight-8 Engine, with record high horsepower and compression, puts new brilliance and thrift in the performance of the Buick* CUSTOM.



When you set this little lever in *"Drive" position, a brand-new Dynaflow Drive goes to work. With Twin Turbines instead of single, it is now a simpler unit—with only four instead of the five parts formerly used. Ratio is up to 2.45 to 1—which means more power, higher efficiency. End result: much faster and quieter acceleration, less engine revolutions—and infinite smoothness through all speed ranges.*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK

GO! with Twin-Turbine Dynaflow

powers and the highest compression ratios, Series for Series, in Buick's fifty great years. And it's power that gets more miles from each tankful of gas.

It all adds up to a performance story that could never be written before—a performance story that puts new thrill in every mile you drive.

As we said—you won't believe it till you try it yourself. So we cordially invite you to this eye-opening experience—at the wheel of a Golden Anniversary Buick. Why not drop in soon?

*Standard on Roadmaster, optional at extra cost on other Series.

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

The greatest

BUICK

in 50 great years

M53-M-2

VILL BUILD THEM

EXPORT "A"
FILTER TIP
CIGARETTES

20's in PACKAGES
50's in FLAT TINS

Ashley and Crippen

EDGAR C. ROW: More people, more cars.

Who's Who in Business

IN THE automobile industry, which was almost as competitive at the turn of the century as it is today, optimism has always played a large part. And the optimism for the most part has been justified.

All but those in the industry itself, for example, thought that the sales saturation point had been reached when 5,890 horseless carriages were in use in Canada by 1910; they thought the same in 1920 when this country's car owners numbered 251,945; and when the figure topped the million mark, before 1930, they were still declaring that the market was flooded.

Through it all, the car makers continued to bring out new models and the Canadian public continued to buy them. Today, with two million cars on the road, those in the industry are forecasting even greater growth.

Typical is the optimism of 57-year-old Edgar C. Row, President of the Chrysler Corporation of Canada Limited, which currently is planning a $17 million extension to its five-plant operations, already employing 6,300 men and women.

Burly (6 feet, 3 inches, 300 lbs.) Edgar Row thinks that Canada's population will reach 19 million by 1971, that the number of cars will be doubled and that the ratio of owners will change to one in four instead of one in more than six as at present.

"What is more," he recently told dealers, "these figures are not just numbers taken from a telephone book; I believe them to be conservative estimates."

Chrysler's president has always been fascinated by cars. Born in St. Marys, Ohio, in 1896, he had spent two years in automotive work by the time he joined Dodge Brothers in Detroit at the age of 20. He rose to officer's rank in the U.S. Army during World War I, spent 13 years thoroughly learning the business after his return to Dodge, and in 1932 was made manager of the company's export division.

The trials of an export manager, with 100 different problems for 100 different markets, gave him a foretaste of the situation he was to encounter in World War II days, when he managed a 43,500-item military depot at Anniston, Alabama, receiving and dispatching 41,000 car loads of assorted supplies to all parts of the world.

In 1942 he came to Canada as Assistant to the President of the Chrysler Corporation, and it was to this position that he returned after the war. He was elected President last year.

A restless man, Mr. Row has a habit of putting on and taking off his spectacles when talking, and smokes about a package of cigarettes a day. Apart from some fishing, golf is his only relaxation (he plays in the high 80's or low 90's); his only child, Marjorie Ann, who was recently married, was a tournament golfer who held the Michigan State championship.

He likes to hold family parties around a specially built barbecue in the garden of his Riverside home near Windsor. It is there that the friendliness which he generates by personal country-wide visits to dealers has its start.

"One of the strange things about goodwill," he says, "is that its growth can be sound only if its roots start in your own backyard — particularly among those you employ."

JOHN WILCOCK

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Pointing out Opportunities in the Canadian Mineral Boom

To extend the circle of our readers we are offering you a *Free subscription* to our regular weekly Financial Letter, called "MARKET DESPATCH & INVESTMENT NEWS". MAILED EVERY WEDNESDAY, our MARKET DESPATCH will give you:

★ **1. Our appraisal of the IMMEDIATE MARKET OUTLOOK, and**

★ **2. Our selection of SPECIFIC STOCKS which, on information at our disposal, appear capable of MAKING MARKET PROFITS for our readers.**

Gains of More than 100% in Speculative Issues

The record of the last few months has proved that Canadian markets are capable of providing unusual profit opportunities. For instance, in the first quarter of 1953, shares of **Gunnar Gold Mines** advanced from $2.25 to a high of $13.50, for a gain of 500%.

Shares of **Chimo Mines**, in the same short period, advanced from 72c to a high of $4.40; **New Larder** from 13c to $2.85; **Fargo Oils** from $1.28 to $2.99; **Cons. Golden Arrow** from 40c to $1.35; **Eastern Metals** from 45c to 2.34; **Inspiration Mining** from 35c to $5.10. **Such movements** could occur again. They appear to have no relationship to what is happening at New York or in any other market, because they are based on Canada's expanding metal and oil development. Our MARKET DESPATCH is intended to supply news on Canadian market opportunities as they develop.

Send in the Attached Subscription Form

Which stocks will be mentioned in our MARKET DESPATCH in the months ahead? To find out, all you have to do is to fill in the SUBSCRIPTION FORM below and mail it to us.

This Service is free, and you are under no obligation by mailing in the SUBSCRIPTION FORM. It is simply our expectation that, if we can help you to make market profits, you may eventually favor us with some portion of your business. To make sure that you don't miss the coming issues of MARKET DESPATCH, mail in the attached SUBSCRIPTION FORM at once.

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CAT-TEX

SOLE of Economy

BY CAT'S PAW

Insurance

Those Legal Costs

THERE IS a tendency to take broad statements about the scope of insurance coverage—statements framed in "trade" jargon—at face value. This can be dangerous. Competent insurance salesmen today leave the popular coverage clichés severely alone; they take pains to explain very thoroughly what is covered and what is *not* covered by the particular policy under discussion.

Perhaps the most widespread misconception concerning coverage springs from that controversial contract, an automobile insurance policy.

After an off-hand sales talk about automobile insurance covering third-party liability and collision, many a policyholder has the impression that his company will foot the bill for all legal costs resulting from court action to recover damages. When his case is won, and costs are apportioned by the insurance company, he learns the sad truth for the first time and becomes hostile, embittered, or at best bleakly resigned.

An automobile insurance company only contracts to foot the bill for legal expenses to the extent of any recovery for which its policy provides indemnity.

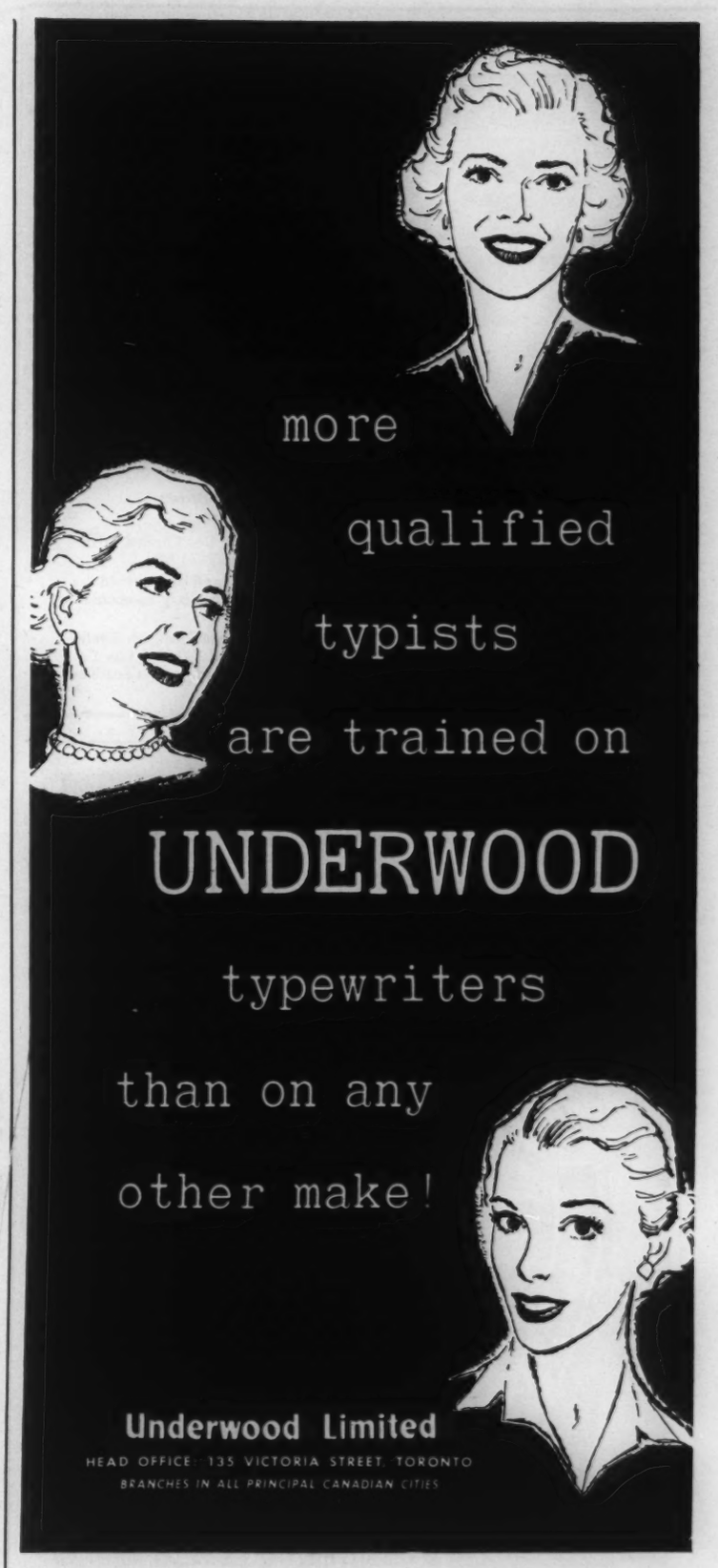
For example, consider a common set of circumstances that can result in a court case:

Olaf Instead carries Bodily Injury and Property Damage Liability insurance on his car along with Collision cover ($100 deductible), Fire and Theft. He has the misfortune to tangle with an uninsured, but not impecunious, motorist; a rear-end collision results in repairs to Olaf's automobile amounting to $500. In due course, a jury renders its verdict, tagging the defendant with 100 per cent responsibility for the accident. Olaf is awarded his damages.

The first $100 of this unfortunate policyholder's $500 repair bill is uninsured; he only paid a collision premium for coverage in excess of $100. By the same agreement, the insurance company only pays legal costs relating to the recovery of monies it disbursed under terms of the policy. Thus Olaf, in the final accounting, finds himself charged with 1/5th of, say, $300 fees for litigation conducted in his name by the insurance company; he gets a settlement check for $40 in place of the $100—his collision "deductible"—which he had assumed would be his as a result of the court's favorable decision!

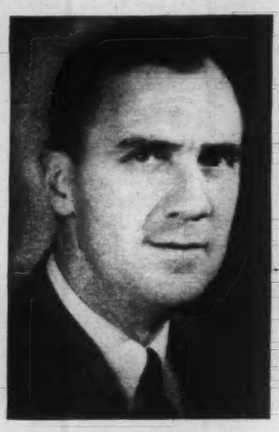
That story is, of course, a simplification of common recovery cases. Special damages (uninsured) are frequently awarded and costs of an action may be won. But the taxed costs may fall a long way short of the whole bill for proceedings—with a pro rata share of all excess chargeable to the policyholder.

G. L. PRATT



THE Casualty Company of Canada
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO
H. S. GOODERHAM, President
A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director
AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES
IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA

Elected to Burns & Co. Limited Board



J. Howard Kelly, Q.C.
Calgary

Fred B. Brown
Vancouver

Two new directors were named to the Board of Burns & Co. Limited at the annual meeting of Shareholders held recently in Calgary.

Mr. Kelly has been with the Company for 25 years and has served as Solicitor and Secretary. He is a director of Burns two subsidiary companies. Palm Dairies Ltd. and Consolidated Fruit Co. Ltd.

Mr. Brown is president of Deeks-McBride Ltd., vice-president of Straits Towing Co. Ltd. and is a director of Calvan Consolidated Oil and Gas Co. Ltd., Canadian Collieries Ltd., Kelly Douglas & Co. Ltd. and Canadian Western Lumber Co. Ltd. *

Expanding Market

Like a pair of muscular but wary wrestlers, two of Eastern Canada's fastest-growing cities are crawling toward each other along Lake Ontario's northern coastline.

The streamlined Queen Elizabeth Way, which joins Toronto and Hamilton, is already flanked for almost a quarter of its 40-mile length with industries ranging from the massive Ford of Canada plant at Oakville to half a dozen plants representing many of the big names in U.S. or European business.

Recently the Toronto Industrial Commission announced that business in the Toronto area can be expected to increase with the addition of new plants — which last year were up 50% over the previous year.

•

Motorists patronize a particular service station because it's handy, a survey, made in the U.S. by National Analysts Inc., showed. Convenience of location was the factor listed most often (38%) by motorists, with the brand name and price drawing 13 per cent and 2 per cent respectively.

The main problem is for the service station to *get* the customer; after that, providing the service is good, he usually stays a regular customer. Four out of five people admitted that they usually bought their gasoline at the same station.

FULLY COVERED?

You risk loss unless you're fully covered by fire and casualty insurance. See that you have complete protection . . . use the modern, efficient services of the TWO Canadian Companies.

The CANADIAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
The CANADIAN INDEMNITY CO.
HEAD OFFICE. WINNIPEG

THE SHAWINIGAN WATER AND POWER COMPANY

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of fifty cents (50c) per share on the Series "A" 4% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares and a dividend of fifty-six and one quarter cents (56¼c) on the Series "B" 4½% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending June 30, 1953 payable July 2, 1953 to shareholders of record June 2, 1953.

By Order of the Board.
J. L. T. MARTIN,
Secretary.

Montreal, April 27, 1953.

Ballantine's
FINEST
SCOTCH WHISKY
Bottled IN Scotland
The whisky that made "Scotch" a tradition
IDENTIFIED FOR OVER A CENTURY
BY THE FAMILIAR SQUARE PACKAGE
BEARING THIS SIGNATURE
George Ballantine & Son Limited
DISTILLERS
GLASGOW SCOTLAND
ESTABLISHED 1827

AMONG THE MISSING!
the valuable clothing and belongings you didn't mark with
Cash's WOVEN NAMES
Mark everything, and avoid losses. Permanent. Attach with a few stitches, or use No-So Cement. From your dealer, or
Cash's — Belleville 18, Ontario

CASH'S NAMES	3 doz. $1.80	9 doz. $3.00	NO SO CEMENT
	6 doz. $2.40	12 doz. $3.50	per tube 25c

Certificate of Pedigree

By this symbol you may identify the proud and ancient lineage of genuine Harris Tweed, spun from virgin Scottish Wool, dyed, finished, and hand woven by the Crofters of the Outer Hebrides. It is the heraldry of traditionally incomparable quality.

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★ Look for the label on the garment

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Booth's Distilleries Limited

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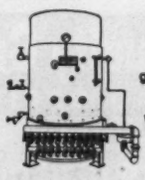

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Company Limited
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Women

Everett Roseborough

JUNIOR LEAGUE MODEL, Mrs. R. M. Gaby, in playsuit designed by New York's Caroline Schnurer and made by Josef of Toronto: Exclusive, Toronto Simpson's, $32.50.

Conversation Pieces:

THE PARIS WEDDING of Diana Thistle Gill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. T. Gill of Ottawa, and David H. W. Kirkwood, son of Professor W. A. Kirkwood, of Trinity College, and Mrs. Kirkwood, Dean of St. Hilda's College, University of Toronto . . . more women in the political arena, with the choice of Winnifred Stokes, a past president of the Canadian Women's Press Club, as the Progressive Conservative candidate in the new federal riding of Niagara Falls, and the Eisenhower appointment of nine women to key administrative and diplomatic posts . . . the "Post Office Booth" at Toronto's Symphony Fair, May 9, where friends of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra may purchase surprise packages, mailed by other far-away friends, to help raise necessary funds . . . the wedding in South Africa of George Fulford III, son of George T. Fulford, MP, of Brockville and Ottawa, to Ruth Gladys Sutton of Fort Beaufort, Eastern Cape Province . . .

CONVERSATION PIECES: the presentation of the Buzzell Award of the Quebec Federation of Home and School Associations to Mrs. T. B. Hughes, of Montreal, for outstanding service . . . the golden jubilee of Branksome Hall, Toronto private school for girls . . . the summer seminar in India, sponsored by the World University Service, to be attended by 32 Canadian students . . . the union of two well-known Toronto families, with the marriage of Eve Cassels, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Graham Cassels, and Gordon Bongard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Bongard . . . the plane in the new British movie, *The Net*, breaking the sound barrier with such drama that it leaves you limp . . . the birth of a brand-new organization in Quebec, the Provincial Association of Hospital Auxiliaries, with Mrs. J. Cecil McDougall of Westmount as the first President . . . the worthwhile project of the Vancouver Junior League, assuming responsibility for a year's salary of a teacher for retarded children . . . the election to the Canadian Council on Nutrition of Florence Swan, of the NB Department of Health and Social Services . . . the growing national scope of Toronto's annual Byline Ball, May 9, with the Halifax press clubbers sponsoring a Beauty Queen entry and columnist Dill Dunford of the *Vancouver Province* winning a trip to the Ball for himself and his wife . . .

CONVERSATION PIECES: Gimbels department store in New York selling 3,700 cooperative apartments in a new housing development, just like other goods . . . the engagement of two law graduates, Lucille Gauthier, daughter of Dr. Pierre Gauthier, MP, of Quebec City, and James Douglas Fisher of Vancouver . . . the bright future for June Grant, a former Halifax reporter, now playing a leading role in the London (England) production of *Paint Your Wagon* . . . and the continued success of Frances Hyland, of Regina, as the American millionairess in Oscar Wilde's *A Woman of No Importance*, also in London's West End . . . the election of Mrs. G. W. Coghlin, MBE, as President of the Women's Canadian Club of Montreal . . . the fairy-tale wedding of the Countess Hanna Hoyos-Wenckheim of Salzburg, to Dennis Molnar, whom she met when she went to Vancouver to study at the University of British Columbia on a scholarship . . . the official opening at Jordan in the Niagara Peninsula, this Saturday, by Ontario's Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. Louis O. Breithaupt, of a new museum of pioneer furniture, clothing, etc., in a 110-year-old house and a century-old school . . . Mother's Day, May 10.

POLISHED COTTON *separates by Gerhard Kennedy of Winnipeg: Saddle-pocket skirt, $7.95; licorice print blouse, $4.95. Obtainable at Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg.*

Arnott and Rogers

Ken Bell

LITTLE-EVENING *formal by Star Dress of Toronto: Pure silk organza with stole, in Romance blue. Northway's, $49.*

Arnott and Rogers

DENIM SEPARATES *by Beatrice Pines of Montreal: shorts and halter for action. Obtainable at Julius Simon, Toronto, about $5 each.*

BOW-TIE BOLERO *casual by Minx Modes of Montreal: Glazed cotton print skirt, plain bolero. Obtainable at Freiman's, Ottawa, about $17.*

Arnott and Rogers

Canadian Fashions: A Salute to The Summer Scene

Eric Skipsey

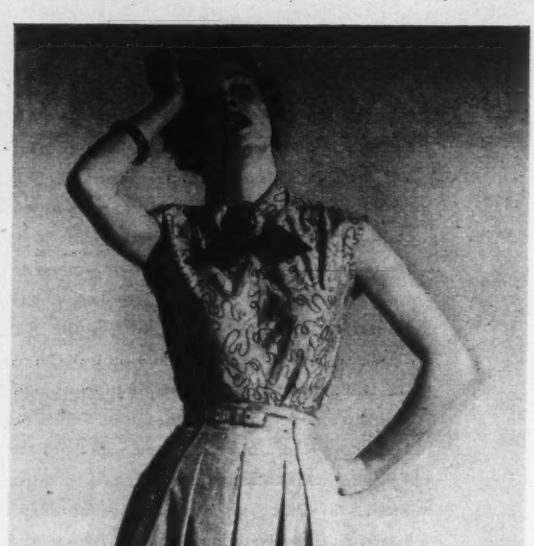
SUMMER COAT *by Kaplan of Vancouver: Tuxedo style, grey with black velvet embossed Ottoman cord. Vancouver Eaton's, $45.*

Getz

NYLON NET *formal by Nite Club Originals of Montreal: with horizontal stitching and ruffle trim, $59.95.*

Yamada

CLASSIC SEPARATES *by Morris Watkin of Toronto: grey ombre polished cotton skirt, $12.95; broadcloth blouse, $4.95. At Toronto Eaton's.*



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Behind an Island's Beauty

ON THE open terrace of the Inn above the Caribbean we sat with people from Strathroy, Ont., Boston and Melbourne, listening to the music of the cheerful dark Jamaican boys. Dressed in their flowered shirts, posed against the bar with its background of bright murals, they made a lively holiday pattern.

Their ballads were not easy to understand, composed of Elizabethan and modern English studded with Ashanti ("peradventure" and "pickney"), with echoes of Spanish in "quatti" from *cuarto,* meaning three half pence, and with Jamaican nouns and inevitable colloquial elisions, as "Lard" for Our Lord, and "ackees" for a native fruit, tasting like chestnuts. Our conscious minds kept trying to untangle the meanings as our senses accepted the beauty of the night.

The boy who danced was mimicking the erect walk of a woman with a loaded basket on her head, breaking now and then into an exuberant posterior waggle which still preserved the safety of the basket.

"Carry me ackees, go a Linstead market,
Not a quattie wut sell;
Carry me ackees, go a Linstead market,
Not a quatti wut sell!
Lard, not a mite, not a *bite,*
Whot a Sattaday night!"

Out at the far edge of the round bay we could see a fringe of heavy white lace, open water breaking over the protecting coral reef. Into this safe harbor Columbus's weary little ship battered its way four hundred and sixty years ago. The water of Discovery Bay is no icy, threatening Atlantic stuff; it is as warm and soft as new milk, and rolls lazily in to the talcum-powder shore in shallow easy swells. Small delicate fish find refuge in it. Near the point where the Spanish cannon still stand, guarding the entrance, the clear depths glitter and gleam with two-inch emeralds hanging in clouds; parrot-fish wave feathery scarlet tails and fins as they try to hide in the dark rock-clefts, and darting shapes of turquoise, silver, sapphire and amethyst glint against the growing sage-green coral. Ashore, the curving white sand is scattered thick with shells, rose-pink and amber, jade and mother-of-pearl.

Some beauty, most beauty, may exist only in the eye of the wistful beholder, but surely this night, this time and place, was pure beauty in itself. There weren't even any mosquitoes on the open terrace, and although Jamaica has many bats not one came swooping out of the night.

The bright tropic moon, wires hidden, was suspended in an indigo sky; and Venus, straight from Tiffany's richest vault, glittered through the fronds of the palms as they whispered and fluttered in the balmy trade wind. The firefly flashed his own small but authentic blue-white mating diamond.

But beneath the quick warmth of the Jamaican smile, the gaiety of the music, the apparent carefree disregard of consequence with which the people live, is the growing death of the heart. In the time of slavery, there was a dream, a hope, however concealed. But freedom did not bring that hope to realization, as some of the people begin to know fully now.

If you have never lived in the poverty which has had to watch a child sicken and die with no hope of help, with no way to cool its fever, even to give it a comfortable bed and cold water to drink, no way to pay a doctor and no understanding that he might help without pay; if you have not known what it is to live so close to ragged fear for those you love that pride, self-respect, even loyalty is forgotten, then perhaps you will not be able to hear the undertone of Jamaica. The good qualities are not yet lost, but how long will they live without hope?

We asked our capable, willing young waiter, "Martin, are you married?"

"No, please, sir and ma'am."

And then the question, ordinary, expected, "Have you any children?"

"Please, sir, yes. One boy, five, sir."

"But you do not marry the mother?"

"Not, yet, please, sir."

"You have a job."

"Yes, please, sir. But the hotel close in three months. Then it is no good, to marry. It is no good when you have no house for your wife, when you have no land to build a house and make a garden, when you have no food and a job only three months of the year. It is not good to sit and look at your wife, and she look at you, and you can give her no food, sir. There is nothing to make together. It is no good to marry that way, sir."

The human soul is very vulnerable when it is always exposed, and these people know too much of exposure. Only a little more than a century ago they were still slaves, having almost forgotten the time of pride and freedom back in their own land. Strength and intelligence were only for the exploitation of the white man, or, worse, of the part-white who remembered with bitterness, double bitterness, the humiliation of his mother and of his race, and had to assert his power somewhere. Personal beauty was a thing to weep over, since, male or female, it became the object of lust which knew no shame.

GOVER in the weird, secret Cockpit country of Trelawny which modern civilization leaves strictly alone, the Maroons still hold aloof in the pride of their freedom. They were once slaves who ran away from their Spanish masters and established themselves in bands in this unknown, inaccessible territory. In the mountainous interior on the edge of the Cockpit, the people, no matter how ragged, lacking decent shelter, a supply of water, milk for the children, living with no real comfort or security, walk with their heads high, remembering the awful days of slavery, conscious of freedom.

But in the city of Kingston, and in the towns and villages near the great

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new tourist palaces, bewilderment grows. It is only the rarely fortunate Jamaican who has a steady paying job, and his highest wages will not bring him, in two months, what the tourist spends in two days.

Hanies was our neat, sweet-tempered maid in the beach cottage. She was paid a pound for twelve-hour duty seven days a week, and had to find her own food and lodging. She was married to a tailor, whose painfully acquired sewing machine was nearly always idle because ready-made clothing is beginning to spread through the Island. Sometimes Hanies's husband earned eight shillings for making a pair of khaki trousers, but not often. He paid fifteen shillings a month for a tiny house with a scrap of garden land.

When their three-year-old Oliver was sick with a slow fever, Hanies carried to the market a basket of okra, two dozen pods, for which she got four-pence. She brought us coconuts for threepence apiece. She was trying to get together six shillings to pay for a doctor for the baby.

We said: "Hanies, if your government sent you maybe a pound a month, every month, to help with Oliver, what would you do with it?"

She didn't understand. A children's allowance? Why? How?

People of no faith say the same old things in Jamaica. You can't give these people money. They'd spend it on rum. They wouldn't work. They'd spend it on silly clothes. They'd sleep all day. They're lazy. They don't know how to do a decent day's work and don't want to.

Finally Hanies looked at us, realizing what we were asking. She said: "It couldn't happen in Jamaica. But, peradventure . . ."

"Peradventure it did?"

She said proudly, "Please, ma'am, we would put it by for a little home."

"Yes. Some day you would. But if the first month's money were in your hand right this minute, what would you do?"

She dropped her eyes, her pride forced to earth. "Please, ma'am, I am afraid I would have to spend it for shoes. My shoes, they cost nearly two pounds, and I cannot work here without shoes. And now, the doctor . . . he say my Oliver is not just strong. He have put Oliver in shoes too."

The cheapest sandals are eleven shillings. The Island has plenty of goatskin and pigskin and cowhide.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

• •

Off The Record?

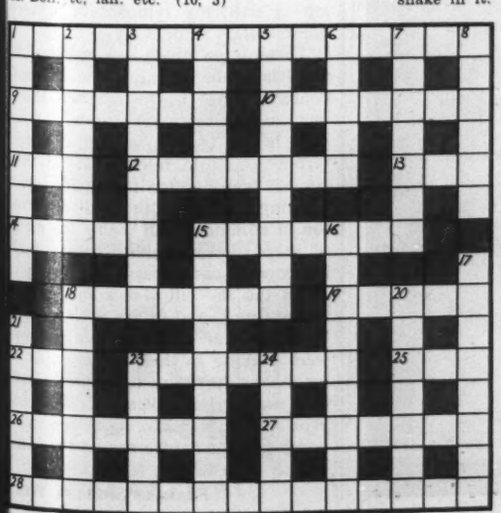
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Gypsy Rose Lee's favorite tune? (3,2,3,1,6)
9. The French poet has a dumb air about him. (7)
10. The old city received a new composition from Nevin, eh? (7)
11. Palestrina appears to have been able to hold his drink. (3)
12. It went with bustles, perhaps, 7? (7)
13. Louis often made this appearance in France as a duty after October. (3)
14. Large composer. (5)
15. Make quiet music? (7)
18. Pinza, for instance, has nothing on this. (7)
19. The lattice can do without it when making a new pattern. (5)
22. 18 is a blessing without it. (3)
23. Talk freely with a musical voice? (7)
25. It may be ". . . sweet . . ." to the cockney electrician. (3)
26. Wagner's "Ring" surpassed it by one opera. (7)
27. The pup rose, on this, perhaps. (7)
28. Doh, te, lah, etc. (10, 5)

DOWN

1. The sound of low voices on the radio? (3, 5)
2. The new moon gave him inspiration, but he lost his head and wrote "Wozzeck". (7)
3. They no doubt keep their cattle in trim condition. (9)
4. Heluva place for Offenbach to put Orpheus. (5)
5. But surely there are more than four singing on Canadian radio. (9)
6. These will sound like different notes. (5)
7. State of Father William when he stood on his head? (7)
8. Her gig upset Lou. (He's maybe stealing 1 down now). (6)
15. How the half-breed looked? (9)
16. Beethoven made four to "Fidelio", three of which were for 20. (9)
17. Did de Mille do this to Copland to get him to write "Rodeo"? (8)
18. Set ribs into a moving position. (7)
20. See 16. (7)
21. Seasoned old sailor? (6)
23. Sound B for bagpipes? (5)
24. Not the Tree of Knowledge despite the snake in it. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. See 4 across
4. 1, 6. Will-o'-the-wisp
4. 8. Will-power
10. Israelites
11. Iowa
12. Gandhi
13. Eye chart
14. Pen-y-ames
16. Dotage
18. Stigma
20. Freewill
22. Testator
24. Goblin
26. Mina
27. Side orders
28. See 4 down
29. Utes
30. Dusk

DOWN

2. Testament
3. Eland
4. 28. William Tell
5. Letters of credit
7. Irish stew
8. See 4 across
9. Ascend
15. Nightfall
17. Galliards
19. Artist
21. Eggnogs
23. Edict
25. Boded

(260)

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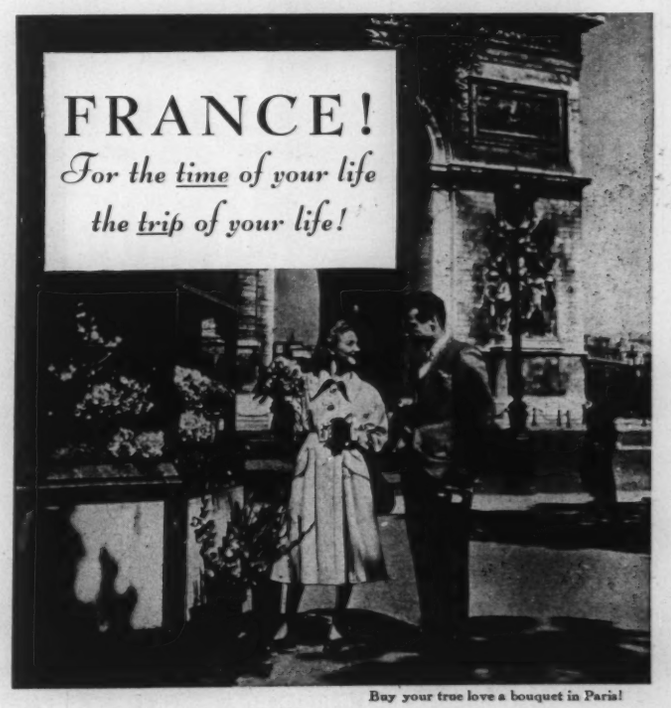

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EATON'S — CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION . . . STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST-TO-COAST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

But there are no teachers, no factories, no tools.

There is no need for heavy expensive clothing in Jamaica, but these people are no naked savages. Cheap cotton for shirts and dresses is two shillings a yard. Baby's diapers are obviously made of scraps of rags from their mother's worn dresses, neatly sewed together. Khaki trousers cost eighteen shillings.

The country is lush with food, bananas, sugar cane, coffee, oranges and grapefruit, yams, breadfruit pawpaw and all manner of cultivated vegetables. But except on the big plantations no one family has all it needs of everything, and there is no money to buy. Sugar is fivepence-halfpenny a pound, coffee six shillings, eggs are four shillings a dozen. Barter is a great part of life; the town markets ring with it, furious and desperate, on Saturdays. There is meat—goats and chickens and an occasional beef animal, lean, stringy and tough. There is practically no grading of eggs, butter, meat. Proper handling of food is utterly impossible. On Thursday the butcher brings a slaughtered animal in to the market and you go, with your pence, and he cuts off a few scraps on a long-used board. You drop it unwrapped in the bottom of your basket and take it home.

Water is scarce and precious. The rain sinks immediately out of reach in the porous limestone, so that hillsides have to be covered with sweeps of expensive cement pointed into cisterns, and the water is then sold from the cisterns and carried long distances home in pails on the head, or in the panniers of the family burro, if your family is rich and has a burro. The Island is very mountainous and the fields stand on their edges, propped from the deep yawning gorges by bamboo poles laid across from tree to tree. There are few tools, the chief one being the machete, which is really the old cutlass of the Spanish Main.

Jamaica needs tools. It needs technical knowledge and "know-how". The fingers of the people are deft, quick, dexterous when there is hope. The long training of the slave persists in the way of looking at life. What seems to be an essential carelessness is simply an admission of impossible odds; the refusal of the household servant to do more than one type of job is only the remnant of a very humble class pride.

There is so much raw material in the Island that the mind is stunned, contemplating it. On the hill above our cottage, growing through three iron hoops twenty feet in diameter (from what old hogsheads did they come?) was a cotton tree, loaded with bursting bolls, not the ordinary cotton of commerce but usable for many of its purposes. Beside it was a bush heavy with castor-beans.

On the far hill was a magnificent ebony forest, and in the ancient stone building near by some native boys were making by hand a houseful of mahogany furniture for Harold Peat, our own Private Peat of the First World War, a native Jamaican gone home to do what he can to teach his people what he has learned.

FRANCES SHELLEY WEES

Lighter Side

Congratulations!

WITH THE breakup of a family property some years ago, I found myself suddenly the owner of a double supply of household equipment. I now possessed, among other things, two electric refrigerators, two vacuum cleaners, two washing machines, two electric irons and pop-up toasters, along with four radios and two pianos. It was while I was still struggling with a fresh vanload of supplies that the telephone rang.

"Is this the lady of the house?" said a cheery commercial voice.

"I suppose so," I said. "Who is speaking?"

"Well, congratulations!" cried the voice. "Station WXYZ is speaking, and is this your lucky day! Your name has just been picked from the telephone book as the possible winner of a brand-new console radio."

"I have four radios," I said. "I don't *want* a radio."

"Kind of takes your breath away, doesn't it?" the announcer said, his voice urgent with enthusiasm. "And listen, here's something else. Just to give our winners a wide selection, we are allowing them to choose between the console radio and an ultra-modern refrigerator. Fifteen cubic feet and a special storage space. What do you think of that?"

"I don't want a refrigerator," I said.

"Just take your time and don't get too excited," the announcer said, laughing encouragingly. "Though I can tell you there's plenty of excitement right here in the studio. Hey, what's this I see? A super-modern vacuum cleaner with 21 exchangeable parts."

"I have two electric vacuum cleaners," I said, "with forty-two exchangeable parts."

Our conversation had developed into a curious exchange of non-sequiturs. Since I was contributing nothing whatever to the excitement of Audience Participation, the announcer was compelled to take up the slack. I leaned against a packing-case and began to enjoy myself. "You aren't giving away pianos, I suppose?"

He leapt at the opening. "Well, what do you *know!* The lady wants to know if we're giving away any pianos!" (Audible sensation, with laughter, from the studio audience.) "No, I'm afraid—" He had a sudden flash of studio wit. "Yes, we have no pianos today, ha, ha!" he said.

"Because I have two pianos," I said.

There was a short unscheduled pause, then he rallied. "Now, here's the question. And remember, if you give the correct answer, any one of these wonderful electrical gifts is here for you to choose! Ready? Take your time and hold everything, ha, ha! How do you make Yorkshire Pudding?"

I knew Yorkshire Pudding like the back of my hand. "I haven't any idea how to make Yorkshire Pudding," I said spitefully.

"Oh too bad!" he cried, in a rush of relief. "Well, better luck next time. And now, as a consolation prize, our sponsor will forward you a card which will entitle you to a brand-new gyrator washing-machine."

"I have two washing-machines," I said. "Ha, ha!" and I hung up.

The experience left me feeling that I had stumbled almost accidentally on a remarkable discovery: *You don't have to be a Captive Consumer.*

You don't have to spring to attention when the voice at the telephone or the visitor at the front door opens up with a ringing "Congratulations!" and tells you you have been selected to win a free Palomino Pony. You don't have to buy an electric rangette at a 25 per cent reduction because someone else has picked your name out of the telephone book. In an age dedicated to mass-participation you can still, in a small way, be as non-participating as you like.

Last week, a brisk young woman appeared at my front door. "Congratulations!" she said. "We are making a television survey and you have been selected to win a free television set." She brought out a sheaf of papers.

"Have you a television set?" she asked.

"No," I said.

"Are you planning to buy one?" she inquired.

"No," I said.

She consulted her survey. "Are you in favor of an annual license fee for television?" she asked.

"No opinion," I said.

"The draw will be in a few days and you may easily be the lucky winner," she said. She put away her papers and her morning radiance was clouded by doubt. "Don't you *want* a free television set?" she asked.

"No," I said; and she went away.

A day or two later I received a post-card. "Congratulations!" it said. "You have answered our survey correctly and have been chosen to receive a Bonus Card which will entitle you to a $75 credit on a Console Television Set."

I showed the card later to my friend Miss A. "Are you really buying a television set?" she asked.

"No," I said.

"Well," she said. "Well, congratulations!"

MARY LOWREY ROSS

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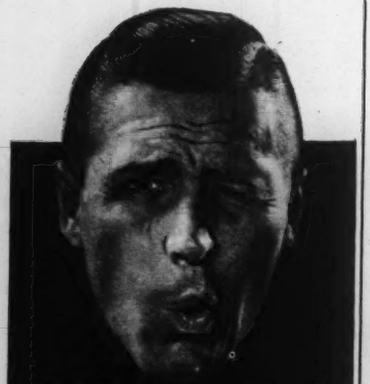
"Great Circle Cooling" — the exclusive up-and-around air circulation of Frigidaire Room Air Conditioners — surrounds you with cool, clean, refreshing air . . . lets you live, sleep, work in complete healthful comfort.

Ask your Frigidaire Dealer for a demonstration. You'll find his name in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. Or write for literature to Frigidaire Products of Canada Limited, Scarborough (Toronto 13), Ontario.



Relieve the PRESSURE of Neuralgic Pain!

• When the tense, pressing agony of neuralgic pain strikes, you want relief *in a hurry*. And here's a way for you to get it—*quickly, easily, effectively.*

Doctors generally will tell you that neuralgic pain may be largely caused by pressure. Sensitive nerves are irritated. Local areas become tender and swollen. That torture you feel is simply Nature's call for help.

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The Backward Glance

16 Years Ago This Week

In Saturday Night

SATURDAY NIGHT, "The Canadian Illustrated Weekly," of May 8, 1937 was a *pot-pourri* of fact, fiction and foppery, held together with photographs of deposed royalty, little theatre groups, unknown educationists and run-of-the-mill clergymen. Although the Spanish Civil War was in its tenth month, the only reference to it was a cartoon by David Low. This showed three British battleships named British Lion, Iron Blimp, and Heart of Oak, preventing a small steamer named the Saucy Potato from going about its business. This was a reference to the 885-ton Cardiff freighter, *Marie Llewellyn*, skippered by Capt. "Potato" Jones, which consistently ran the "non-intervention" blockade of Spanish ports, carrying food to the Basque defenders of Bilbao.

Although the SATURDAY NIGHT of that time religiously avoided anything controversial enough to have two sides to it, it was a staunch fighter for not only the lost, but the forgotten cause. It bewailed the fact that Sir Charles Tupper was not represented in the gaggle of rococo statuary cluttering up the lawns of Ottawa's Parliament Buildings. It sputtered its indignation over the fact that Principal Morgan of McGill University had been forced to resign. It gloated over an obscure court decision allowing three jam manufacturers with the vaudeville-trio names of Daboll, Daboll and Jeffrey to sell their sticky product for 19 cents, as against their competitors' 23-cent price. SATURDAY NIGHT didn't say so, but we presume that the prices given were per pound, although with the prices of '37 as low as they were, it might well have been 19 cents a ton—at least for plum jam.

Sixteen years ago the advertisements were little different in copy and layout from those of today, but the aeroplanes had propellers, trains were pulled by steam locomotives, automobiles had running boards and the prestige of the ocean liners depended on the number of their funnels. Cigarettes were 20 for 25 cents, a box of chocolates guaranteed to salve any girl-friend's pique cost a half dollar, you could buy a new Buick for $1207 fob Oshawa, or a Heintzman piano for $510.

The National Employment Commission advertised a "Home Improvement Plan" under which a home owner could improve his property through a bank loan, without security or endorsement, repaying it in small monthly installments, while also giving work to the unemployed.

The *Roma* of the Italian Line advertised a 53-day summer cruise to the Mediterranean and Russia. First Class tickets were from $625 up (for those wanting to visit the Lido and Cannes), Tourist Class passage was from $365 up (for vacationing schoolma'ams wanting to see Venice, Naples, and, maybe, Madeira), and Third Class accommodation from $285 (for Comrades wanting to make a pilgrimage to Stalin's Promised Land).

Canada, in 1937 as it is in 1953, was looking forward to a Coronation. A photograph on the first page shows a healthy, handsome, youthful King George VI seated at a desk in Buckingham Palace. Another photograph on page 2 illustrates the work being done on the temporary structure which provided the Royal entrance to Westminster Abbey for the King's Coronation. All the steamship companies and travel agencies advertised the attractions of Coronation Year.

This was also the year of the Paris Exposition, and the writer is taken back to his leftist days when he remembers strolling through the Exposition Grounds and gazing with admiration on the Soviet Building with its giant statue of a working man holding aloft a sickle, and looking, in retrospect, like the Statue of Liberty's husband. The world-famous painting, *Guernica*, by Picasso didn't have the impact on us that it seems to have had on others; perhaps we were too familiar with the things he portrayed, or perhaps we were lacking in artistic sense. To us it looked like several yards of burlap daubed with paint.

The first page of the Second Edition featured a photo layout made by Willson Woodside and Alexandra Studios, showing six pictures of dilapidated houses in Toronto's Cabbagetown, with a composite picture of the district showing how it *would* look if the slum clearance project, advocated by Dr. Bruce, Ontario's Lieutenant-Governor, were put into effect. In those days hardly anybody, least of all the Cabbagetowners themselves, dreamed that this slum clearance scheme would ever amount to more than a vague promise on a politician's lips. Today, with the Regent Park Project (as it was later named) a fact, the finished apartment blocks and wide lawns look remarkably like those painted in on the 1937 photograph.

The Financial Section decried the Ontario Industrial Standards Act, asked if British commodities would go higher, and spoke out about the high cost of social services in the USA. P. M. Richards' column lambasted the politicians who were trying to regulate Canadian business in imitation of the Roosevelt regime south of the border. He said, "We hope that Messrs. Hepburn, Aberhart, Pattulo and others in Canada recognize the fact."

Under Gold & Dross a reader in Moncton, NB, asked about the Russel Motor Car Co. as an investment. Apparently this was a thriving company in 1937, although we don't remember ever hearing of it before. Another thing we didn't know until now: it was the parent company of Canada Cycle and Motor and Acme Screw and Gear Ltd.

AN ITEM headed "Curious Answers to Health Insurance Queries," listed several howlers received by British insurance firms in letters from those questioned on the subject. "Mrs. R—— has no clothes, she has not had any for a year, the clergy is visiting her;" "I am very glad to say that my husband who was reported missing is now dead;" "Sir, I am forwarding my marriage certificates and two children, one of which was a mistake as you will see;" "Please find out if my husband is dead, as the man I am now living with won't eat or do anything until he is certain;" "Unless I get my husband's money I shall be forced to lead an immortal life;" "In accordance with your instructions I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope;" "Please send my money at once as I have fallen into errors with my landlord;" and, "I want my money as quick as you can get it. I have been in bed with the doctor for a week, but he does not seem to do me any good. If things don't improve I shall get another doctor."

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SATURDAY NIGHT

VOL. 68 NO. 31 WHOLE NO. 3131

ESTABLISHED 1887

Editorial Board, Robertson Davies, J. A. Irving, E. J. Pratt; Editor, Gwyn Kinsey; Managing Editor, Herbert McManus; Associate Editors, Huth Garner, Willson Woodside; Production Editor, John Irwin; Financial Editor, W. P. Snead; Women's Editor, Margaret Ness; Assistant Editors, Lillias England, John Wilcock; Contributing Editors, James Coleman, Robertson Davies, Peter Donovan, Paul Duval, Marjorie Thompson Flint, Max Freedman (Washington), Hugh MacLennan (Montreal), Beverley Nichols (London), Mary Lowrey Ross, Lister Sinclair, John A. Stevenson (Ottawa), Anthony West (New York), Lloyd M. Hodgkinson, Advertising Sales Manager. Subscription Prices: Canada $4.00 one year; $6.00 two years; $8.00 three years. Great Britain and all other parts of the British Empire add $1.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. All other countries add $2.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. Newsstand and single issues 10c. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Published and printed by Consolidated Press Limited, Birks Building, Montreal, Canada. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1, Canada. Jack Kent Cooke, President and Publisher; George Collington, Vice-President and General Manager; E. R. Milling, Vice-President and Director of Sales; Neil M. Watt, Treasurer and Comptroller; George Colvin, Assistant Comptroller; William Zimmerman, Q.C. Secretary, Gordon Rumgay, Director of Circulation, E. M. Pritchard, Director of Manufacturing. Vancouver, 815 W. Hastings St.; New York, Donald Cooke Inc., 551 Fifth Ave.; Los Angeles 48, 6399 Wilshire Blvd.; London, England, 16 Evelyn Mansions, Carlisle Place, S.W.1.

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